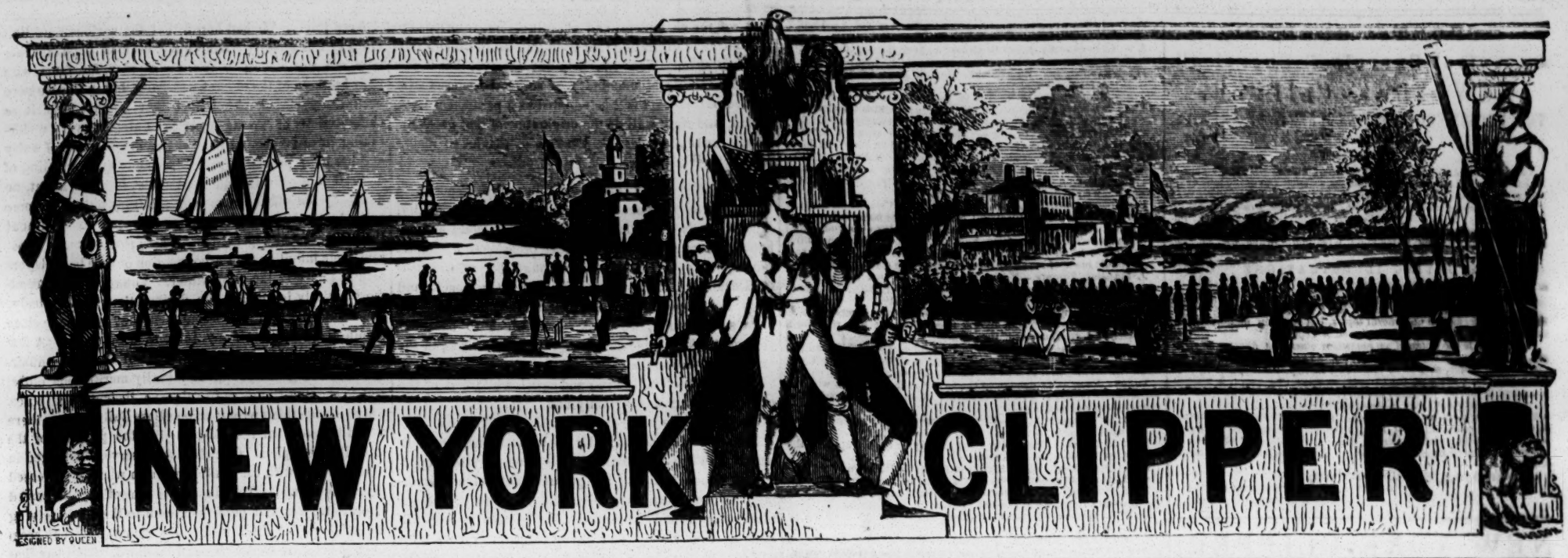

Vol. V.—No. 3. 4 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857. Four Cents.

THE LIGHTNING ARM;

OR,

THE OLD HAG OF THE FIVE POINTS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

Author of "Lel Maynard," "The Regalia," "Aline," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

I belonged to the London police at the time, and, passing at the moment, I recognized her features at a glance—having seen her in her recent performances—and dashing boldly into the crowd, and fighting with all possible dexterity and power, I succeeded in extricating her unharmed, and guarded her safely into the store.

Without entering into particulars, let me only say, that the lady appreciated my services, and seemed to think me no boor. She gave me her card, and insisted on my visiting her. I did; our acquaintance continued; she forgot rank, fame, fortune, and in a brief period Madame Caviaghti was, if not my mistress, at least my partner in frequent *amours*—a fact which I only narrate as a possibility attributable to the wild romance of her nature. She was an erring woman with a noble and good heart; there are many such in the world, though modern Christianity denies the fact.

"I soon learned from her lips that she was continually annoyed and pursued by a Spaniard whose acquaintance she had accidentally formed in Paris. She said she despised the Spanish nation, knew this one especially to be a treacherous villain, and wished she could escape his annoying pursuit. My gallantry was at once evoked, and I silently made up my mind to arrest his visits. Disguised from my character, as minister of the police, I dogged his steps one night to a gambling house and entered into the same game. I succeeded in winning his money, which exasperated him, and high words ensued. I took the occasion to give him a castigation after the latest rules of the P. R., and he challenged me to a duel. I referred it to a friend to arrange our meeting the second day after. The next evening we met accidentally at the house of my mistress, and I succeeded in drawing Caviaghti into such caresses as let him, at once, into the secret of our relations. We met the next morning a few miles from London, when I found, although an expert fencer myself, that my antagonist was a practiced duelist. Jealousy, however, made him rash, and I finally succeeded in giving him a severe wound in the sword arm, and entirely disarming him. I gave him his worthless life, and returned to tell Caviaghti, that she was free from her annoying lover.

"There was living in London at that time, a rough cockney, who was known alike to the police, as a Whitefriars thief, and to the fancy, as the most dexterous boxer in England. He was deficient in manhood, however, and his physical deficiencies together with his well-known thieving propensities, unfitted him from appearing in the ring with the rest of the leading fighting men. He attained sufficient celebrity, however, to cause the fancy to admit him occasionally among them, where he was known by the name of the "Rattling Stunner;" in St. Giles and Whitefriars, he was plain Billy Brown. One night when out on duty, I was led to enter a low den, by the representation of a child, where I found myself face to face with the "Rattling Stunner." He insulted me, and a row ensued, when he, with his gang of thieves, set upon me with slung shot and knives, and gashed me almost to death, as you may see."

The Lightning Arm here exposed his breast, which still bore the unmistakable marks of the combat, in the shape of sundry cuts and gashes.

"But I fought like a demon!" he said, exultingly, and so maimed the most of my assailants, as to render them, on the miraculous arrival of the police, unable to resist, or get away. Brown turned King's evidence, and confessed that he had been hired to decoy me, and close my existence, by the Spaniard whom I had made my mortal enemy. The country got suddenly too hot for the Spaniard, and he returned to the continent. Brown left for America. My gentle mistress became my nurse, and, under her tender care, I recovered from my fearful condition, thank heaven! with no material detriment to my manhood.

"But her season was over. Fame is, in some natures, stronger than love," he said, with some emotion. "My gentle partner—the only tender influence I ever had to soften a strong, rude nature—wished to pay a visit to her sunny Italy. But she was engaged for the next season and would return, when we would again be united. But ere the next season came, a missive, sealed in mourning, after the English custom, brought me the sad news, written in Italian, that in one of the holy cemetries of Genoa, death held my Adrianne as his mistress!"

Carl, and the entire party, were touched with the feeling manner in which he spoke of the unfortunate artist, and remained silent and thoughtful.

"But you are doubtless wondering, all this while, what my story has to do with present circumstances," he said, after a moment's pause, to restrain his emotion. "I will hasten on. Eighteen months ago, I came to America, and for reasons of my own, did not, until within the last few months, reveal my true character, when, to assist my means, I again mingled with sporting circles, and opened my room for a small class of pupils. About two weeks since, I discovered that one of the thieves belonging to Tom Wilder's gang, was no other than the "Rattling Stunner." I hunted him out, and making a pretence of forgivness, I succeeded in getting the full particulars of the plot against me, which only prepared me for a riper revenge upon the vile tool. But this was swallowed up, when he revealed to my infinite astonishment, that my Spanish foe was now in this country, under the same impression as himself, that I was dead. I sealed his lips with a threat to show him up, and soon succeeded in spotting my foe. I did not wish to discover myself until I had decided my means of revenge, when Carl's adventure last night brought about an unavoidable recognition, for Gonsalvo, and my foe are one!"

"I expected as much," said Tom Morton, "and I confess that your narration has almost won me to your fatalism. At least, may the devil work out his fate! To which I add my glass as amen!" And Tom, with an effort to dispel the gloom of the story, dashed off his glass.

"The rest is very clear," said the Lightning Arm. "The Spaniard visited the den, was made acquainted by the Stunner, proposed the game of murder, for a golden reward, and this letter is the trap to get Carl in their hands, that he may the more easily be dispatched. We we will see how they succeed;" rising from his chair. "Put on the gloves Carl—you must not neglect your lessons, for you seem to want them—and when you are tired, we will go out."

"What is your plan?" asked Morton—"You don't intend to let him visit the den?"

"Yes," said the Lightning Arm, determinedly, "but not alone."

"No, for if he goes at all, I am with him," said Morton earnestly.

Carl practiced a while with his tutor, and then, at the earnest suggestion of the latter, stood up before Morton. He felt some pride at heart, from the fact of facing a man with his reputation, and threw his whole spirit into the parley. He succeeded in winning the highest encomiums from all parties, and when his fellow pupil was his antagonist, diffidence and awkwardness having passed away, Donnelly found him a foeman worthy of his muscle.

The party then started for the Points, with what result, is narrated in the last chapter. Satisfied with their visit, they repaired to Kensett's Saloon, in time to see the stakes deposited, and where Carl had another opportunity to mingle with the fancy, and become better acquainted with the peculiarities of the pugilistic fraternity.

CHAPTER VI.

PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT.

The sun kissed the spires, and glinted the roof tiles of the Empire City, with something of an exultant beam, on the morning after the events of the two last chapters. At nine of the clock, it stole into one of the front windows of Florence's Hotel, and fell upon the form of the Spaniard, Gonsalvo, as, wrapt only in his morning gown, he gazed out into the street. His face bore strong marks of the dissipation of the previous night, and his dark hair hung negligently about his brow, while his eyes were feverish and restless.

Turning from the window, he paced to and fro across the floor, with a nervous step, while a strange expression of doubtful fear and secret gratification played upon his countenance.

"Yes, by this time," he muttered to himself, "I am free from the presence of my hateful rival, and Alice Henderson is mine! Tom's scheme could not have failed—and once in the lion's cave, his career was soon ended! Ha, ha, ha, I shall triumph yet! But this cursed Brighton! he whom I thought long since at the bottom of the Thames—what's to be done with him? He must be put out of the way some how. First let me secure Alice as my prize, and then I will settle him!"

As the Spaniard ceased to speak, a low rap was heard at the door.

"This is rather an early hour for a visitor," muttered the Spaniard, but he stepped forward and opened the door. It was Billy Brown who entered.

"Ah, Brown!" cried the Spaniard, eagerly, "your face is a welcome one! Tell me the business is done, and I will give you an extra hundred!"

"Then it be done," said Bill, with a quizzical look through his right eye, which was cut and swollen from the blow he had received from the Lightning Arm.

"Ah! but that look? You are deceiving me, Bill!" cried the Spaniard, with the light and shadow of hope and doubt mingled together in his face.

"Then hi beant gittin' the hextra 'undred," said Bill, coolly.

"Tell me, man," cried the Spaniard fiercely, "is Carl Henderson dead?"

"Not as hi knows on," said Bill, with that same quizzical look.

"What! did you fail?"

"Well we didn't do nothink shorter. But why don't you keep quiet, and let a fellow tell yer all about it."

"Keep quiet! and my foe alive, and still upon my track! Death and fury! But—I *must* be calm—" checking his passion—"go on, and let me hear this *second* failure of yours, and see how you have come to make another blunder!" And the Spaniard threw himself into a chair, and nervously listened to Bill recite, in his own way, the incidents of the fourth chapter.

"So the Lightning Arm was with him?" said the Spaniard, abstractedly, when the other had finished.

"Hi's good evidence he was," said Bill. "Look at my hi!"

"Then he is the sworn friend of Carl Henderson, and to triumph, I must strike both at once?" muttered the Spaniard.

"Which will be 'ard to do," said Bill, significantly.

"Not so hard, perhaps, after all," said Gonsalvo, compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed all the evil in his soul. "But go, Bill, I will visit you in the course of a day or two, and give you my plans. Here is some reward for your trouble." And the Spaniard placed a heavy purse in the ruffian's hands.

Bill chuckled slightly, as he received the purse, and expressing his thanks in the exuberent lingo of St. Giles, very respectfully left the room.

No sooner had he gone, than the Spaniard rose, and hastily throwing off his wrapper, went to the glass and began to make his toilet. It was a strange toilet.

"I must have been drunk last night," he muttered, "since I went to bed undressed."

He immediately proceeded to lift his dark *wig* of curls from his head, showing his natural hair short-cut and light, and then unfastened his side-whiskers, and mustache, revealing as true an *English face* as ever marked a son of Albion. Washing himself hastily, and combing back his own hair from his braid, he carefully re-adjusted those artificial ornaments, which gave such a foreign air to his appearance, and then dressed himself for the street. Having thoroughly completed his toilet, he opened a small hand-trunk, and took from the case at the top, a large silver dagger, which he carefully concealed in his breast pocket. Thus equipped, he was about leaving the room, when the door suddenly opened in his face, and a woman, dressed in mourning silk, and closely vailed, entered, and confronted him.

"I am sorry to detain Signor Gonsalvo, who seems to be going out, but a few moments only of his time will be necessary for this interview," said the woman in a voice somewhat harsh, and evidently disguised.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing, and what can be your business?" said the Spaniard, recovering from his astonishment.

"The first is a matter of no import, the latter I will tell you at once," said the woman, changing her voice to a cold, hard tone. "Signor Gonsalvo, you have a secret hatred against Carl Henderson, and seek his life. I know the cause, and charge you, on your life, not to touch Carl Henderson. The object of your desire is within your reach, without shedding his blood, and he must not be harmed."

"What mean you?" exclaimed the Spaniard, excited at her strange words. "This mystery—what know you of me—my desires—my schemes? What is Carl Henderson to you? Who are you?"

The woman quickly threw back her vail, displaying a harsh, uncomely face, and the Spaniard, starting back, exclaimed:

"Nan Triplet!"

"Yes," said Nan—for it was she—"and now listen to me: Every heart has its own secrets, and own desires; Signor Gonsalvo has many, while Nan Triplet has but few. That Carl Henderson should not be injured by you, is one of them. You only desire Carl out of the way, that you may win Alice; why don't you steal the girl, and thus grasp all at once?"

"But how can that be done?" asked the Spaniard, eagerly.

"Easily enough," said Nan, hastily; "Do you not still visit the girl? She has, as yet, received no warning, and suspects you not. Can you not take an evening walk, be surprised by Tom Wilder's party, who can carry her noiselessly off to some low crib in the Points, where she will never be found, and you can tame her at your leisure? Is the plan difficult, say you?"

"By Jove! the very thing!" cried the Spaniard; "but if I do not marry her, I will miss the old man's fortune."

"Signor Gonsalvo," said the hag, in a serious tone, "I have told you before, that New York was fast becoming dangerous ground for you, and you would soon be forced to leave it. I now repeat the warning. You would have little time or chances to enjoy Wildred Henderson's money, did you receive it all in your hands on the day after the wedding. Take my advice, and enjoy what you can, for I well know that the voluptuous form of Alice Henderson has far greater charms to your eyes than all her father's gold. And well it might, when you can make money so easily," she added with a significant smile.

"What mean you?" he cried, startled by her last words.

"That you are a counterfeiter," said Nan, with the same strange smile.

"'Tis false, hag! as false as hell!" he cried, starting forward, as though to grasp her by the throat.

"Stay!" she cried, presenting a pistol at his breast. "You see I know you, and have come prepared. Open those large trunks in the corner, and I will show you press, stamps, labels, engravings, chemicals, and all the instruments that serve to alter and counterfeit bank-notes. I did a little job for you a short time since, for which you gave me $10. It was of your own manufacture. And now that you see I am thoroughly acquainted with you, what do you say to my proposal?"

The Spaniard discovered that he was utterly in her power, and saw the necessity of conforming to her wish. Beside, on surveying the ground, he concluded it to be the best way. He could thus, by one blow, evade Carl and the Lightning Arm, and, if necessary, fly the city with Alice.

"Well, I confess I like your plan," he said, after mature reflection, "and shall immediately take measures to execute it. I shall visit the club to-night, and see the boys."

"You promise?" she asked, searchingly.

"On my honor!"

"Adieu, then." And before he could stay her, she was gone.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Nan, as she walked through the corridor; "Even he shall be my tool to perfect my revenge. He shall *steal* Alice, but—he will not *keep* her long!"

Meanwhile, on the same morning, Carl returned to his business as usual, and Tom Morton and the Lightning Arm accompanied Sullivan to his training ground, on Long Island, where they spent the day, returning to the city in the evening. They all met at their rendezvous at night, and after taking Carl through a "course of sprouts"—we mean "training him in the way he should—strike"—they adjourned to Molton's Saloon, under the International, and quietly ensconcing themselves in one of the neat stalls, ordered oysters and drinks.

As they passed through the room, Tom Morton called Carl's attention to a drunken man at the bar, who was swearing most unchristianly against the Sullivan party, and staking his manliness against the best man among his friends in the present mill. When they had become seated, Tom said:

"It may be well to tell you, Carl, that I, like you, have my enemies, and may soon have my difficulties. Although I once whipped a leader of the party I now espouse, yet when pitted against such men as this one seems to be, I have no other alternative but to act as I do.* That man is a violent enemy, whom I could thrash in a minute, and yet he wishes to get me into a combat."

"Why don't you satisfy the gentleman?" asked Carl, gaily, as though it were but a joke.

"Because," said Tom, "I have retired from the Prize Ring, and do not wish to enter it again. I would win no honor by whipping such men."

Scarcely had Tom finished speaking, when the drunken man came staggering up to the stall.

"Where's Tom Morton?" he cried, seemingly sobered by hate. "I saw him come in here somewhere. Ah! there you are, you d—d scoundrel! Step out here, and I can lick you!"

"Go away, *boy!*" said Tom contemptuously.

"You're a d——d coward!" shouted the enraged bully.

Tom sprang to his feet, as the blood rushed into his face; but there was nothing for him to do. He was on the inside of the stall, and Carl seated in front. The insult was scarcely uttered, before the latter struck him to the floor.

"Bravo!" cried the Lightning Arm, and bravo would have cried Tom, but his blood was up, and pushing Carl out, he seized the man, and rushing with him into the saloon, he shook him to consciousness, next to sobriety, and then, with a few crushing, killing blows, he left him on the floor, battered, cut, and almost unsightly.

"Just what he deserved," said the company present, as Tom and his friends returned to their oysters. When they had become seated, and Tom was once more calm, the Lightning Arm said, in his usual philosophic way:

"Thus events roll on to a grand end. None may tell what it may be. This affray will doubtless lead to a mill with some of us. But I am resolved that none of us shall mingle in any quarrel, or meet a man in the Prize Ring, until some of our present difficulties are removed. Our deadly foes are now at work. This morning Gonsalvo was doubtless informed by his agent, the 'Rattling Stunner,' that I was with the party. He already knows that I am your friend, your shield, and the next blow will be at me."

"I trust not, my friend," said Carl solicitously, "for if you should meet with danger for my sake, I should never forgive myself."

"Danger!" echoed the mysterious man, in one of his strangest tones—"danger is nothing; I meet it every day. But I may meet death—but if I do, lay it not to *your* cause, boy; for in following your fortunes, I follow to the destiny of my life—the object of my heart's thirst-revenge! Yet I would not die now and here. And as the Spaniard knows me to be too dangerous an enemy to live in the same city with himself, I must anticipate his deadly intrigue by becoming the avenger, and striking the first blow. In two days my plans will be perfected, and then we shall see the result."

"I have perfect confidence in your wisdom, and hold myself subject to all your commands," said Carl.

"Have you said anything either to your uncle or cousin about this Spaniard?" asked the Lightning Arm.

"I have not, for fear that my motives might be misconstrued," said Carl, with some embarrassement. "I love my cousin, and I would not have her misinterpret my motives, until such an hour as I can confess my passion."

"You did right—don't blush at it, boy—and two days from this time, I promise you, there shall be no rival in your path!" said the Lightning Arm, in a firm, determined tone, which spoke a positive and desperate purpose.

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* The author does not hold himself responsible for such sentiments. He is only portraying certain characters and truthful incidents, with the appropriate language of character, occasion, and the natural animosities of respective parties.—T. H. V.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TURKISH MODE OF OPERATING ON A HORSE.

THE following paragraph, copied from Neal's "Syria, Palestine and Asia Minor," gives an instance of the skill of the Turkish veterinarians:

"In Acre there is a plentiful supply of Turkish veterinary surgeons; and about the most curious sight I ever witnessed was a horse under treatment by these practitioners. First, they threw it on the ground, by tying its four feet or hoofs so closely together that it became as helpless as an infant; then a tight bandage was placed over the nose and mouth, only leaving sufficient space for the animal to breathe. A Turkish pipe containing tobacco, bang, hashhish, cucus, and other narcotics, was inserted in one of the nostrils, and a spark being placed upon the bowl, the horse immediately involuntarily inhaled the stupifying smoke, which had the effect, after a very short period, of rendering it unconscious of what was going on. Then the skill of surgery was brought into play, and the fetlock of the poor brute being laid open, a perfect hive of worms, deposited by a fly common in some parts of the desert between Damascus and Bagdad, was duly extracted. The wound was closed up with pitch sticking plaster, and the bands being unloosed, buckets of cold water were thrown over the horse, who quickly revived. The foot was now placed in a sling, and in a few days afterwards, so effective had been the operation, the horse was fit to pursue his daily avocation."

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

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Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

QUEEN & JONES, PROPRIETORS,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GYMNAST.—"I am a member of Ottignon & Montgomery's gymnasium, and a reader of your valuable paper, and wishing to settle an argument which has sprung up between some fellow members and myself, by the magical words, 'I read that in the CLIPPER,' I apply to you for information. Connected with the gymnasium are some eight or ten shower baths; some of the old members affirm that using these baths before exercise is more beneficial than using them after exercise. Indeed, some go so far as to say that using them after exercise is injurious; while others maintain the opposite opinion. I attend the gymnasium in the morning before breakfast, and after exercising about an hour and a half, I take a bath, and have discovered no injurious effects from the practice, except being a little chilly sometimes when going home to breakfast. Those who oppose the bathing, however, say that such injurious effects will not show themselves perhaps for months. If you have time and space to give me your opinion as to which time of bathing is most beneficial, you will greatly oblige a youthful gymnast." A categorical answer cannot be made to your question, because it is of a nature which calls forth adaptation and discrimination. The time of day for using shower baths should be based upon the advice of good physicians, as it is a very important matter. The interval between breakfast and dinner is usually preferred, on the supposition that the daily evacuation of the bowels has properly followed the breakfast, and the stomach will then be in a suitable repose, neither loaded nor fasting. On the choice of taking the shower bath either before or after exercise, much nicety of observation is required for different individuals. No positive rule can be promulgated, except that when the glow of reaction to the surface is easy, and the skin readily assumes a rosy uniformity of color, we may then infer that the fibrous property of the flesh has been improved in tone, and that the capillary action of the skin has not been too much overtasked to produce that effect. Whenever the rosy glow is missing, or deficient, we may then infer that the individual is not benefited; and no amount of cold water theories can ever make up for the actual injury caused by shower baths taken without the very best medical advice, because the peculiar organization or idiosyncrasy of each individual must be first considered. The same individual does not enjoy the benefit every day alike; and whoever feels "a little chilly sometimes going home to breakfast," had better hold up at once, and substitute warm salt water bathing a few hours later in the day.

PHILADELPHIA.—"In playing a game at Bluff, last evening, I was fortunate in receiving the four aces, and of course bet on them high. When called, I showed my hand, and was told by one of the gentlemen who professes to know something about cards, that no *honorable man* would bet on four aces or four kings, and among professed players they never bet on such hands, because it was sure of winning. As quite an angry dispute arose, it was decided to leave it to you. Will you be so kind as to put an end to this, by letting us know who is right and who is wrong?" We know of no rule by which the fortunate holder of a certain winning hand should be debarred from taking advantage of his "streak of good luck." The game is one of hazard, the holder of a comparatively low hand oftentimes winning, merely because he risks more money than the holder of a better hand would feel justified in venturing. Each player has equal privileges, and each enters into the game determined to take the chances as they occur. If a player should hold a poor hand, but endeavors to bluff his opponent, he does so with his eyes open, well knowing the risk he runs. If it were understood that four aces could not honorably avail the possessor, then it follows that the next highest hand becomes a certain winner, placing the holder in precisely the same position as he who held four aces. Therefore, to allow that no *honorable man* would bet on a certain winning hand, would render the entire game a nullity.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY, Leesport.—"1. Which of the two papers (New York Tribune and Herald) has the largest circulation, daily, tri-weekly and weekly, taken together? 2. Was Baker's case ever settled? 3. Which paper has the largest circulation in the United States?" 1. The Herald. 2. The jury being unable to agree, as on the first trial, Baker was allowed to enter security for his appearance when wanted. 3 Do you mean weekly, or daily?

QUACKENBOSS, Yonkers.—1. The Alida made the run to Albany in 6 hours and 21 minutes. 2. The New York is conceded to have the best fielders. 3. The tonnage of the Adriatic is greater than that of the U. S. steamer Niagara. 4. Partially founded on fact. 5. You might suggest the subject, as an ex-member, and we would give it publicity.

CHARLEY FRENCH.—"A has a one dollar bill on a Bank in Ohio—he bets B it is worth a dollar—it is taken to a broker, who charges three cents discount. Who loses, A or B?" B loses, the bill is worth its face, the Bank being bound to redeem it in specie. The broker, who discounted the bill, will receive its full value on having it presented at the place of issue.

F. H. H., Boston.—All right, old friend. We knew it was unintentional on your part. The Hotel D'K. is no more, other occupants having taken the building and converted it into a receptacle for superannuated and worn-out Germans, their wives, widows and children.

SCARAMOUCH.—The remains of "Tom Paine" were originally interred in New Rochelle, (about 20 miles from this city,) near the entrance of a farm presented him by the State of New York for services rendered by him during the revolutionary struggle. In 1819 the remains were disinterred, however, and conveyed to England.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—"A and B make a match to run a foot-race for one hundred dollars aside, and to bind the wager a sum of money (no matter how much) is deposited in the stakeholder's hands as a forfeit. Before the men come to the scratch, the balance of the money making the $100 aside is also posted. A now finds that B is so much the better man that he (A) has no chance to win; he therefore declares that he will not run, but will forfeit the race. Query, how much money does A lose by the operation?" He forfeits all the money deposited.

GUTTER PERCHER, Charlestown.—Westhall was never in this country, to our knowledge; but Jackson, the American Deer, visited here several years since, and made considerable money by his pedestrian performances.

JOSEPH WESLEY, Detroit.—"Please settle a small wager by stating whether Tom Hyer ever fought any other prize fight than that with Yankee Sullivan" Hyer fought and defeated McChester previous to his battle with Sullivan.

W. F. H., Cambridge.—A complete treatise on cocking was recently published in our columns. It was continued in several Nos. You cannot be a regular reader of the CLIPPER, or you would surely have noticed it.

MCPHERSON, Norwich.—"Please inform me of the greatest number of points ever made in a game of Billiards." We have no record of a greater number, around the table, than Michael Phelan's 243. In the Spot Ball Game, Higham's 1700 is the highest.

WHITE TIPPET.—1. The only two certain winning hands in Bluff, are, four aces, or four kings and one ace. 2. In Cribbage, three fives, with a jack, and a five turned up of the same suit as the jack, making in all, 29.

J. H. PEARCE, Richmond, Va.—"Will the CLIPPER please decide whether upwards of fifty, is more or less than fifty. This appears a foolish question; still, it is a matter of dispute." Upwards of fifty means more than fifty.

YALE, New Haven.—Answers to your questions will be given in our next, your communication being just turned up from among the missing.

CAST.—1. We will accommodate you with No. 1 of vol. 4. 1 and 2. Cannot pay, at present.

J. S., Chicago.—We should be pleased to have the use of the engraving for a short time. Will return it as stated.

SPORTSMAN BELCHER, Boston.—The time as given by us is correct. Thank you for those items.

JAMES MADISON, Philadelphia.—As Professor Corle does not seem anxious to meet you, it is not worth while to republish the challenge. We have already given the facts noted in your communication.

STUMPS, Cincinnati.—*Cricket.*—"Should a ball strike a batsman above the level of the stump, on the arm, head or body, he being before the wicket at the time, is he out, or not?" Not out.

VOX POPULI, Savannah.—1. We doubt whether a match can be made for the fight to take place outside of this city. Will see, however. 2. Won by the Philadelphia party.

OLD VIRGINNY.—1. It is said that both E. P. Christy and Henry Wood are about to erect theatrical establishments on Broadway. 2. We do not understand your second query. To whom do you refer?

STRANGER.—The distance from New York to the Union and Centreville race tracks on Long Island, is about 12 miles. The most safe and reliable mode of reaching them is by private conveyance.

J. COLLARD, Toronto.—If both parties agreed that the $16 down should be contended for, without regard to the original stake named, then the winner is certainly entitled to the said $16.

J. H. M., Albany.—Ned Buntline married a lady named Bennet, (who afterwards obtained a divorce from him,) but she was not a daughter of J. G. Bennett, of the Herald.

LITTLE SUPERIOR, Baltimore.—As a guarantee of good faith, and to satisfy those whom you challenge that you mean business, don't you think it would be well to send a deposit? Try it.

TILBURY JONES.—We mentioned the fact of your connection with the manufacture of the first steamboat boiler, in an answer to a friend of yours, about one year ago.

H. M. G., Hanover, N. H.—We have been unable to procure a copy of the work referred to.

T. G. C., Pittsfield, Mass.—As many as may be agreed upon by the parties, as high as 21 in some instances.

C. H., Chicago.—1. There are three ferries to Hoboken, viz: Barclay, Canal and Christopher streets. 2. Send on the document.

H. J., Pittsburgh.—The Hippodrome building has been demolished. We have no circus here at present.

W. S. R., Quebec.—The mail steamers for California leave here on the 5th and 20th of each month.

S. WHITTLESEY, Salem, N. J.—*Euchre.*—Hearts being trumps, of course jack of diamonds is second best card out, being the left bower.

OLD SPORT.—Of the popular vote in the late Presidential election, Buchanan received 45 per cent.; Fremont, 30; and Fillmore, 25.

PROVIDENCE BOY.—In a week or two we may probably give a treatise on training for pedestrian exercises.

AQUA, Boston.—A report of the event will be very acceptable. By mailing a letter on Sunday, it will reach us in good season.

SERKNADER.—Both dogs died, as stated in our report.

J. M. M., Boston.—They are worth the original cost, at least.

WM. VAN C., Lansingburgh.—If you are in earnest, send a deposit.

JOHN FARREN, Boston.—Send a deposit, if you wish a match.

☞ BOB, Wit, Charley S., Yale, G. N. O. E., Old Mule, &c., &c., in our next.

THE PRIZE RING.—EXCITING MATCH.

We understand that a match to fight, according to the latest rules of the London Prize Ring, was made in Philadelphia, on Monday last, between Dominick Bradley and S. S. Rankin, for $1000 a side. The fight is to come off in Canada, on Saturday, the 1st of August, on which occasion Bradley is to weigh no more than 190lbs., (his present weight is about 220) while Rankin is not restricted as to weight. This doubtless will prove an exciting event. Bradley has obtained considerable notoriety by his offers to fight either Hyer or Morrissey, which offers, however, were never accepted, although Bradley came to this city on two different occasions for the express purpose of making a match. Rankin is but little known, but is said to possess a fair share of pugilistic ability.

CRICKET.

THIS game is rapidly making its way into popular favor as one of our national games, and attaching to itself an importance of which the recent convention held here is the forerunner. Hitherto, one great obstacle to the progress of the game in this country has been the assertion made by certain ignorant and prejudiced parties, that Cricket is only played by Englishmen. Even were this the case, why it should deter Americans from enjoying and participating in the sport, we cannot imagine. But it is not so. Americans are, and have been for some time past, taking a most active interest in the game—many of them are really good players, whilst others give promise of future excellence; and, with care and practice, all are likely to make a telling mark on the general score-book. We recognise no such distinctions as Englishmen, Irishmen, &c., &c., in this country, more especially in sporting circles. We are all Americans, enjoying the same privileges, and looking up to the constitution of our country as our beacon light. Setting aside the subject of our nationality, however, we cannot conceive what objection there can be in our adoption of whatever is for the good of the community, let it come from whence it may; and that Cricket has that tendency we have evidence sufficient in the general good and gentlemanly behavior evinced by those who engage in it towards one another, as well as towards all with whom they are brought in contact, to say nothing of their general healthy appearance. Again, its laws, and the mode of carrying them out, are so in accordance with our own institutions, and so democratic in their influences, that our only wonder is that it has not been more generally fostered by native born citizens. The youth of America are much in need of an agreeable and proper kind of exercise; sunshine, and the aroma arising from the green turf and beautiful foliage, and a fine bracing air, are quite necessary to their health, vigor, and general happiness. Then what objection there can be to our making Cricket an American pastime, we are at a loss to discover. It was with this view, no doubt, that Mr. Baker, of Newark, an American, and an excellent player withal, at the convention above alluded to, proposed "that a committee of five be appointed by the chair, to report at the next meeting, on the views of the Newark Club on centralizing and nationalizing the game of Cricket." A very desirable consummation, we admit; but still it behoves us to be careful of the way in which we set about it; to be wary, lest jealousies creep in, which can only be avoided by the matter being placed in the hands of proper persons, men whose general and cricketing character is entitled to respect; men who are well versed in the game.

With this important consideration in view, we were much pleased in the selection of just such competent persons by the chair, at that meeting, and we feel assured that the result of their deliberations will meet with general favor at the next annual meeting. Another most important step was taken at the convention, viz: that of arranging matches as early as possible in the season, for by so doing it precludes the possibility of two important matches being played at the same time; it also enables those who are to play in them to make calculations accordingly. Altogether it is an example which should be well followed up by individual clubs.

We are pleased to observe the importance of most of the matches to be played this season, for they will engage the interest of the entire community, and bring out the cricketing talent of the whole country. A wholesome and friendly rivalry will be brought to bear between the two great Anglo-Saxon races, in this hemisphere, solely with the view of improving and advancing the game of which they are the champions, and affording those glorious opportunities of exhibiting that good fellowship which exists between them. None can help but observe, that if this friendly spirit and unanimity of action be consistently carried out, Cricket will be adopted as a permanent institution; and right well do the originators of that great national convention deserve the vote of thanks so unanimously awarded them.

EDWIN BOOTH, AT BURTON'S.—We were disposed to think favorably of young Booth, for talent is occasionally, though rarely transmitted from father to son; and we hoped this might be one of these occasional instances. Consequently, we sat patiently through the performances of Richard III, Richelieu and Sir Giles Overreach, and we witnessed portions of Shylock and King Lear. We have seen enough, we think, upon which to base our judgment. The same faults and the same merits, in the main, ran through all, except that the performance of Sir Giles was tolerably even and equal, while that of the other characters was certainly not.

Mr. Booth has some fine natural qualifications. His voice, although it occasionally has a nasal tone, is melodious and sufficiently powerful; his figure is well-proportioned, although slight; his gestures natural and striking; his eye, keen, expressive and intelligent; and his face handsome and expressive. But his faults—happily such as time, study and perseverance can cure—are evident; and no hosts of *claqueurs*, however energetically they use their hands and boot-heels, can divert the public attention from them, by concerted applause. His reading is at times lacking in measured cadence, and has often that misplaced emphasis which shows the reader not to have mastered the sense of the sentence, or else not to be impressed with its real force. In his anxiety to avoid laying too much stress on trifling points, he becomes at times too colloquial. On the other hand he frequently makes too much of a point, and does it in a way that shows he has misunderstood his character. This was painfully apparent in Richelieu, where he threatens Baradas with the curse of Rome. Instead of assuming the dignity of conscious power, as a prince of the church—a power rising above that temporal authority which he had just lost—he brawled in a way which implied doubt on his mind, if "the curse of Rome" were such a very terrible piece of business after all. In Shylock, he had none of the intense, burning rage of the outraged and revengeful Jew, who had been scorned and spat upon by the haughty Venitian, and who while alternately exulting over his foeman's misfortunes, and mourning his own, still followed the object of his anger, with the pertinacity of a bloodhound. His anger was noisy and his hate uproarious—he was the Billingsgate fish-vender, in the Jewish gaberdine. The anger of Shylock is not such. It is of that kind which makes the eye gleam, and the teeth press firmly together, accompanied by an earnest concentration of the mental energies in pursuit of vengeance. In King Lear he was in the most vigorous muscular condition, and occasionally ran off the stage, in a style that would have done no discredit to the American Deer, in a match against time; but was out of place in the feeble, weak old man—the poor, despised monarch, who though boasting himself "every inch a king," was a physical ruin, as well as a mental wreck—the very desolation of a man, whose gusts of passion are but the wailings of the spent tempest.

Yet with all these faults, he gives promise to become, with time and care—he is yet extremely young—a positively great actor. Whether he will redeem this promise, or after a few years of starring through the west and south, wear himself down, remains to be seen. We hope for the best. We hope, because he has youth and natural talent, and throws out occasionally sparks of the true fire. The manner in which on the first night, he gave the lines—

> "I the north—what do they in the north,
> When they should serve their country in the west?"

reminded us of his father in his best days; and parts of the mad scene in King Lear were rendered with care, vigor and artistic finish. On the whole, although his success has not been quite unqualified, yet if he continue to improve as he should, his next visit to New York may confirm that favorable verdict of the play-goers, which they now hold in cautious suspense, and place him side by side with the great masters of the dramatic art.

A SERIOUS PROPOSAL.—The racing of omnibusses down Broadway seems to have grown into a recognized institution of New York—to the great delight of pedestrians upon the sidewalks, and the terror of the passengers. We have no desire to impede the sport of the Jehus; but we would suggest some kind of rules to govern the Jockeys on the Broadway course. Suppose they establish an Omnibus Racing Club. If this idea be carried out, we suggest the Mayor, or Chief of Police, or the Chairman of the New Police Commission, as President. Prizes might be instituted to the successful driver who brings his wheels closest to the crinoline of a lady crossing the street, without absolutely destroying her gown, or injuring her person.

A GREAT LEAP.—On Saturday evening a Mrs. Flynn, wife of a laborer on the Hydraulic Canal, jumped over the bank of the river a short distance below the outlet of the Canal. To every appearance she struck in the top of a tree after a sail of about 100 feet, and fell from there to the bottom. When she left home she kissed her children, bid them good bye, and told them to inform Mr. Flynn that he would see her no more. She was observed to go towards the bank of the river, and was found soon after taking the fearful leap. When found she was sitting very composedly, cogitating, we suppose, on the uncertainty of human calculations, especially when predicated on untried experiments. She was considerably bruised and scratched, but not much more than frequently happens in an ordinary shindy. She is about 40 years old.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

Why, this beats Sam Patch. Should the lady conclude to repeat the feat, will our Niagara journals post us as to time and place, so that we may be there to see.

CHALLENGE AND ACCEPTANCE.—In a Boston paper the owners of the horse "Ethan Allen" made the following proposition to the owners of the "Young Morrill" horse:

"We will match one of Ethan's colts, four years old this spring, against the Young Morrill horse, for one thousand dollars, to trot over the Union Course, Long Island, next September or October, to harness. Again, we will match Ethan Allen against the Young Morrill horse for three or four thousand dollars, half forfeit, to trot over the same course the last of next October, he to harness, Ethan to draw a wagon and driver—weighing three hundred pounds, races to be mile heats, best three in five."

The Manchester Mirror says that Messrs. Hill, Fling & Co., the owners of "Young Morrill," have accepted the challenge, "without reservation." The owners of Young Morrill, in accepting the challenge, fix the stakes at $4000.

BASE BALL.—We had hoped that the various Base Ball clubs in this vicinity would have been in good working trim ere this, vieing in friendly rivalry, for fame, with their brethren of the cricket fraternity, but in this we have been disappointed. They lack that go-ahead spirit so characteristic of Young America in almost every undertaking in which he may be engaged. Instead of unity and harmony prevailing, there seems to exist a feeling of discontent among the different clubs, brought about, no doubt, by the officiousness and arbitrary nature of some individuals who consider that no club can exist without their direction or supervision. These persons made apparent their intentions in the convention of base ball players held in this city the past winter. Young clubs were almost entirely ignored in the deliberations of that body, and thereby became so discouraged that they have since manifested but little, if any, interest in the game. A few designing individuals seemed to control the whole affair, overshadowing the young and really meritorious clubs, and so shaping things as to subserve their own purposes. There is something wrong among Base Ball clubs, or there would be more interest displayed in the progress of the sport in this region. One club, we observe, is engaged in a controversy with the gentleman from whom they leased their play ground. They have held a meeting, and passed resolutions, &c., and published them to the world, giving the public an insight into the dissensions, &c., that seem to exist between themselves and landlord. They say that the ground was rented by them in 1856, for three years, at $100 per year, and that the landlord now refuses to let them have the ground for less than $200 per year. There must be some mistake here, for if the bargain was legally made, as stated, they can hold and occupy the ground at $100, in spite of the landlord. There's a screw loose somewhere—there are too many old fogies, and quarrelsome characters, in the ranks, we fear. Let our young friends put their shoulders to the wheel, oust the disorganizers, and thus give an impetus to the game at once. Let the young clubs call a convention, and take the matter in hand, for if old fogies continue to rule, ruin must speedily follow. Who will set the ball in motion?

ANOTHER CHANCE.—A difficulty took place a few days since between John Morrissey, and the proprietor and employees of the Girard House, in this city; and, hallelujah! the Burdell murder case sinks into insignificance, the "Kalloch—o" business is curtailed of its foul proportions, and the quarrel between high and low churchmen becomes a thing of but trifling importance. Jubelate! sings the press, here's a chance for a splurge—Morrissey, one of those "brutal pugilists," has been making mince-meat of a trio of "gentlemen" who wished to make mince-meat of him. Here was an opportunity for a "sensation paragraph" for our friends of the "respectable press," and forthwith seduction cases, rapes, murders, and the usual "light reading" that the readers of such papers are daily regaled with, gave place to the doings of the "brutal pugilist." Well, well; let them rail on; the "boys" can stand the fire, if the gun don't burst with overloading. Go ahead with the fun—"turn in," for a time, your belligerents of the church, your rough and tumble champions of all the morality, the decency, &c., and "trot out" the "brutal prize fighter," the "rowdy," who dares to defend himself against the assaults of a lot of scullions who entrench themselves behind a bar, as a place of security. We have been informed that the first manifestation at hostilities in this overrated "melee," was on the part of those behind the bar, and that the assault was instantly resented by Morrissey and his friend. We do not wish to be considered as apologists for the conduct of Morrissey, for we detest these bar-room squabbles, no matter where, when, or with whom they originate; but we refer to the matter more, because, when a member of the sporting fraternity is detected in such "entangling alliances," every effort is made to misrepresent the facts, and to place the members of the sporting world even lower than the combatants of the church.

HUNDRED-MILERS.—It seems that the rumor we mentioned a few weeks since to the effect that the Taylor and Dalton horses, of "100-mile race" celebrity, were again matched, turns out to be well-founded:—The Albany Statesman says that the horses are again matched for two more tests of their speed and endurance. One race is for 25 miles, to come off between the 1st and 10th of June, and the other is for 50 miles. One of the stipulations is that Mr. Dalton, who resides in Springfield, shall drive his own horse, and that Andrew Sheehan, of New York, owner of the Taylor horse, shall drive his. Well, if the owners are satisfied to try their animals on another long pull, why, we suppose no one has a right to complain, but we should certainly prefer to have shorter races. We shall soon see what will be the final result of these severe tests of speed, bottom, and endurance.

RACE COURSE NEAR ALBANY.—We learn from the Albany Journal that a fine race course, to be called the "Empire Race Course," is in process of construction near that city, by Capt. Paff. It is located on an island in Hudson river, and is to be reached by means of a bridge 500 feet in length, which can be taken to pieces in sections of 25 feet each. Stables and other buildings will be constructed on the island. The Journal says that "a more beautiful place in regard to locality, soil, and ground, cannot be found in the world."

By the way—what has become of the project for constructing a race course in Chelsea, Mass., of which we had rumors last autumn?

PHILADELPHIA FIREMEN'S PARADE.—The most ample arrangements are already in progress for the great parade of Philadelphia firemen, which is to take place on the first Monday in October. The time originally fixed for the parade was the 15th of September, but a change was subsequently made, as above. Philadelphia certainly eclipses all other cities in her firemen's displays.

WHO WHIPPED.—It seems that the fight in Washington between "Dan Sickles," and "Jack Murphy," ended unsatisfactorily to both parties, although "Sickles" had decidedly the best of it, as far as it went. The thing was kept so shady that we were unable to obtain a full report of the battle; but should the affair be renewed, we will have a reporter on hand to note the rounds, &c.

THAT NEW RACE TRACK.—We hope the gentlemen having in hand the arrangements for the proposed new race track, in accordance with a bill for the improvement of the breed of horses, lately passed by our Legislature, will endeavor to carry out the real intentions of the bill by keeping aloof from certain parties concerned in other tracks hereaway, and give us a course convenient and close to the city, and easy of access at all times. As regards the Long Island tracks, a person cannot witness a race there unless at a greater cost than every lover of horse-flesh can well afford to pay. They will answer for those who have plenty of leisure time, and possess their own private conveyances, or have means to procure them. It is in consequence of this fact that the attendance on these tracks is so scanty. The progress of the times demands a new order of things—new and more convenient tracks, fair and square matches, with no secrets for the knowing ones, or blinds for the stranger, and different arrangements generally. Unless we have a change of some sort, we cannot expect a great improvement in the breed of the horse through regular race courses, and the people will encourage agricultural exhibitions, as they did last fall, in preference to established race grounds. Let us have the new race course, with new rules, regulations, &c., cheap rates of admission, and a fresh public interest will soon manifest itself that cannot but eventuate in good to all concerned.

A "HORSE-FIEND."—In a Mobile paper, we find the following account of a mad horse on a race track:

"During a race over the Magnolia course, on Thursday last, 'Sam,' one of the five horses in harness to run, grew restive, uncontrollable, and finally proved nearly mad, endangering the lives of many scores of spectators, who with difficulty escaped his violence. After the third heat he tore away from all control, broke wagon and harness, and rushed madly round and round the course, dispersing the endangered crowd, nor was he to be restrained until entirely worn down. In appearance he is an exceedingly fine horse; but in disposition he is a horse-fiend."

TAKING A HORN.—There was a Gift Concert in Troy some time last week, when a massive silver trumpet was presented to the Fire Company selling the largest number of tickets. The prize was carried off by Engine Co. No. 4, of Lansingburgh, who sold 700 tickets. Close upon their heels came that excellent company No. 10, of Troy, who disposed of 675 tickets.—*Exchange paper.*

Wonder how much the "massive silver trumpet" is worth, all told? No. 4 paid rather dear for their horn, we opine.

JEMMY HART has sold out his saloon in Elm street, and has located himself at "The Stranger's Retreat," No. 2 People's Ferry, Boston, Mass., where he is prepared to see and entertain his friends and the public generally.

WALKING 100 HOURS.—Wm. Hughes was to have commenced the feat of walking 100 consecutive hours, on the 5th inst., in the South Market Hall, Chicago. We have not yet learned the result.

PURE GAMES.—Philadelphia, May 9th, 1857.—FRANK QUEEN—*Sir:* Having read various communications in your fast CLIPPER, on the exciting subject of cocking; and, according to all accounts, as all seem to be well supplied with runaways, I am anxious to purchase a pure stock, that can be depended upon in time of need, and fight out game to the death. I would thank some of your Philadelphia correspondents to inform me where I can purchase them.

Yours, REINDEER.

ELECTED.—At an annual meeting of Columbia Engine Co., No. 14, on the 11th inst., Robert Rogers was elected Foreman; John M. Costa, Assistant Foreman; Charles A. Gray, Secretary; Joseph Forsyth, Treasurer; and H. B. Venn and A. J. McCarty, Delegates.

HAND BALL.—Racine, Wis., May 5, 1857.—GENTS: In your last issue we perceive a challenge at "Hand Ball," by two gentlemen in Brooklyn, named Toner and Daly, and although the challenge is not extended to any outside of Brooklyn, yet they may see fit to accept our proposition, viz: We will pay their expenses out here and back, if they conclude to come, and will play them in our Ball Court, (which is as good as any in America, and one of five years' standing,) for $100, $200, or $500 a side. Otherwise, if they do likewise with us, we will agree to go down and play them in their Court for the same amount Hoping our proposition may meet with their approbation, as in either case we are willing to abide by their decision in the matter.

JAMES H. CRAWFORD,
ANDREW MCCABE.

CANINE.

FIGHT IN CHICAGO.—A fight was to have taken place on the Brighton Race Course, Chicago, on Monday last, between Pat Regan's dog, and Ned Mesler's dog. A strong muster was looked for.

CAN'T GO.—MR. MCNULTY, who challenged to fight his dog against any other in the States, says that he cannot go to New Orleans to fight, as he cannot leave his business, but will fight it or any other dog, in this city.

RATTING.—Cleveland, Ohio, May 4, 1857.—A ratting match took place in this city on Monday evening, April 27th, at J. G. Neil's Pit, No. 33 Detroit street. The match was catch weight, which, by the by, I consider wrong and just no match at all. The idea of pitting a 40 or 45 pound dog against an 18 or 20 pound, as was the case in this instance, was no test in regard to superiority of the dogs. Rats, per pound, in proportion to the weights of the dogs, I say—what do you say? In the present match those who entered dogs were given to understand that the dogs would vary in weight, and each dog would be limited to 6 rats, and the dog killing this number in the quickest time would be entitled to the prize, viz: a heavy silver collar. The following is a summary:—

T. F. Andrew's	dog Tute,	14 lbs.,	Time,	1:50	
T. King's	do Boosey,	45 "	"	0:22	Prize.
M. Lynch's	do Teddy,	20 "	"	1: 2½	
Nat Johnson's	do Blossom,	14 "	"	0:32	
B. H. Allen's	do Charley,	20 "	"	0:14½	
N. E. Brown's	do Bob,	18 "	"	1: 6	
T. Terry's	do Flora,	20 "	"	0:36½	
W. Deherst's	do Butler,	22 "	"	0:45	

Another match is take place at the same Pit, on Monday evening, May 11th; on what conditions I cannot say. Have any of your friends got that Badger for me yet?—am anxious to get one, as well as the 1st vol. of the Clipper. Yours, as ever, NEW CORRESPONDENT.

BRANDY AND JACK.—Chicago, May 7th, 1857.—FRIEND QUEEN—*Sir:* A match was made in Chicago, at the Empire Saloon, between John Morrell's dog Brandy, and Francis Nye's dog Jack, for $100 a side—the fight to come off on the first day of June next; weight, forty-eight pounds, give or take two pounds.

BELLIGERENT GOAT.—Wm. B. Browne, of West Farms, wishes us to state that he has a goat which he will fight against any 35 or 40 lb. dog in New York. The goat is 10 months old. Who will first buck at the goat?

LION AND NIGGAR.—Valley Falls, May 9th, 1857.—A match has been made between John Hollingsworth's dog Lion, of Providence, and Michael Graham's dog Niggar, of Valley Falls, to fight on Thursday, the 21st of May, for the sum of $200 dollars—the fight to take place at the Rhode Island House of William Prentice, North Providence, Rhode Island, precisely at 2 o'clock. Mr. Hollingsworth's dog Lion to be confined to 45 pounds, and Mr. Graham's dog to be catch weight. A spirited canine contest is antiscipated.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.—Roome's dog Billy, and Goulding's dog Tige, are to settle their differences on Tuesday next, 19th inst., at 49 Madison street, for $300.

POSTPONED.—The match between Dutch John's and Harry Jennings' dogs has been postponed a couple of weeks.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Dominick Bradley's 48 lbs. dog was matched to kill 100 rats in 10 minutes, on the 7th inst. The feat was accomplished in 8 min. 30 seconds.

BILLY AND RATTLER.—The fight between Mr. Butler's dog Billy, and Mr. Garret's dog Rattler, comes off on Thursday, 14th inst, at 49 Madison street, for $100 a side; they weigh at 7, and fight at 8 o'clock.

CRICKET.

MATCHES TO COME.

THE following is a list of matches arranged to be played, as far as we are yet cognizant. We shall feel great pleasure in enlarging it, if correspondents will be so good as to furnish us with the necessary particulars.

MAY 16.—New York 2d Eleven vs. Yonkers, at Hoboken.
25.—New York 1st Eleven vs. Sixteen of Newark, at Hoboken.
30.—Brooklyn vs. Yonkers, at Bedford, L. I.
JUNE 8.—City of New York vs. The States, at Hoboken.
10.—Eleven English vs. Eighteen Americans, at Hoboken.
18.—2d Eleven New York vs 2d Eleven of Newark, at Newark.
—St. George vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.
JULY 1.—New York vs. St. George, at Hoboken.
15.—Eleven of New York and St. George vs. Eighteen of Albany, Utica, and Syracuse, at Albany.
AUG. 5.—1st Eleven of New York vs. Sixteen of Newark, (return) at Newark.
—United States vs. Canada, in Canada.
15.—2d Eleven of New York vs. 2d Eleven of Newark, (return) at Hoboken.
—St. George vs. Newark.
SEPT. 11.—New York vs. St. George, (return) at Hoboken.
23.—New York vs. Sixteen of Albany, place not named.

NOTICE.—The Secretaries of the different Cricket Clubs, and other correspondents, will much oblige us by sending in as early as possible, all notices of matches to be played, in order that we may publish them at the head of this column. Scores and all other matters connected with the game will find a speedy insertion in the CLIPPER.

THE FIRST MATCH OF THE SEASON in this neighborhood will take place at Hoboken, on Saturday, the 16th inst., between the New York and Yonkers Club. Play will commence at 10 A. M. precisely. The gentlemen who are to play, will not forget, we hope, the evil consequences which attended going on the field last season with nine men only, to avoid which we would advise them to be sure to put in their appearance at the time appointed, 10 o'clock.

NEW YORK CLUB, GRAND OPENING.—The excitement in cricketing circles is increasing, indicative of which was a large gathering of the members of the above named club, and their friends, on the 7th inst., such as has not been seen for some years. Another noticeable feature, also, in the day's proceedings, was the proposing and electing of some fourteen additional members, of various degrees of scientific attainment in this game of games, among the more prominent of whom, was Mr. Hamlin, an excellent player, and one who is likely to be of much service to the club in their many and important matches to be played this season. The weather, the state of the ground, &c., made cricket, on New York's opening day, at once a pleasant and healthy occupation. At about 2 P. M., there were sufficient players on the ground for sides to be chosen, when at it they went, giving Crossley, (their professional (and any of those who chose to bowl,) as much exercise as was necessary to break them in for the duties of the season. They all played with a will, and from the feeling expressed by many, we might argue that they feel very sanguine as to the result of the many matches in which they are to take part. From appearances, we should think that they are inspired with the laudable ambition of becoming the first club of the States; at any rate we hardly think there is another club who could successfully combat with sixteen of the Newark club, for, with the bowling of Cuyp and Barker, seconded by that of Crossley, three guns of immense calibre, with Higham as wicket-keeper and general in command, Sharp's point, Fletcher's long stopping, the most important posts in the field, the batting of their opponents must necessarily be of a superior order to cope with them to advantage. The programme of the day being (as is generally the case on opening days) carried on rather loosely, with an eye to comfort, and avoiding as much as possible the unpleasant feeling of stiffness which generally follows too much exercise at starting, is the reason of our refraining from giving the score or scores made, as we feel assured that we shall have many glorious opportunities ere the season closes, of recording their doings, made in a legitimate manner.

ST. GEORGE'S IN THE FIELD.—The chivalrous knights of this club met for the first time this season, on Friday, the 8th inst., for practice and field exercise, on their encampment grounds at Hoboken. The many salutes and greetings were of the most friendly character—health and cheerfulness abounding. They will show a most formidable front to their opponents on the tented field; with the large and brilliant array of lances contained in their ranks, led on by the indomitable Gibbes, the hero of many a hard fought battle, seconded by such gallant aids as Waller, Walker, Earnshaw, S. Wright, Congreve, and others, we might almost predict for them a certain victory in the majority of their engagements. During the ensuing campaign, the two rival clubs, St. George and New York, will fight several very important battles under the same flag, against strong opposing armies from different parts of the States; their best warriors will also be picked to reinforce the little army of volunteers to be sent on offensive operations in Canada, in either July or August next. The remarks of themselves and friends betokened an earnest desire for the commencement of the fray, and were anticipatory of success in the several combats in which they are to engage. The majority of them wielded the bat and hurled the ball with a vigorous arm, and entered into the spirit of cricket with praiseworthy zeal and industry, feeling no doubt that by practice alone perfection is arrived at. Of the whole number of their matches we are as yet not posted on, but shall be, no doubt, in time for our list at the head of this department in our next issue.

A CRICKETER PROMOTED.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. John Moore, of Poughkeepsie, an excellent native cricketer, at a recent meeting of the Supreme Court was admitted to practice in all the Courts of this State. In speaking of his abilities as a cricketer, the writer says, that considering the amount of practice he has had (only two years) he is one of the best in the country, and suggests the idea of his being selected to play in one of the grand matches in June. In playing with his club against Albany, in September last, he kept his wicket three or four hours, scoring 34 runs in one innings, and 8 in the other; he is also a fair round arm bowler. The stormy weather prevented the Poughkeepsie gentlemen from attending the convention; had that not been the case, they would have introduced the merits of Mr. Moore to the consideration of the committee in charge of the match. He is an ardent admirer, and able supporter of the game in that locality. [What say the committee—are the lists full? Whatever may be his qualifications as a cricketer, we hope the fraternity will never need his services professionally; however, should they be found necessary, we have no doubt but he will be found an able advocate.—ED. CLIP.]

PHILADELPHIA *vs.* OLYMPIAN.—Philadelphia, May 11, 1857.—*Dear Clipper:* The first grand cricket match of the season here was played on the ground of the Philadelphia Club on Saturday last, between the First Eleven of the Olympian Club *vs.* the Second Eleven of the Philadelphia Club.

The former has been established only since last spring, and is composed entirely of young gentlemen averaging in age about 17 years, who never till the present time have had a chance to show in public their knowledge of this noble game; but the shell, or rather the ice, being at last broken, we shall expect to see great things from them.

The Philadelphia Club is too well known to need any comment from me; their superior strength, activity, and knowledge of the game, have been always well remarked; whether owing to the absence of three or four of their best players, or to the very little practice they have had this season, the "boys" beat them in one innings, with several runs to spare, much to the disappointment of every person present, it being generally believed the Philadelphians would obtain an easy victory.

The day being a perfect one in every sense, a goodly number of spectators, among whom shone many of the fair sex, were on the field at an early hour.

At eleven, the wickets being pitched, the Philadelphians put Norris and Hall in, to the bowling of Hunt, (left round hand) and Morgan (under hand). Norris was soon run out for 1, but his successor, Howe, with Hall, ran the score up to 19, when Howe was exceedingly well caught by the long field off, Mr. Frank White. John Wister followed, and with a very fine display of batting ran the score to 35, when Outerbridge caught him. Lane soon followed, but was as soon vanquished by Hunt. Kuhn next was disposed of by Morgan, for 4. Rodney, Blight, and Henry next took their places in quick succession at the bat, the destructive bowling of Hunt and Morgan hardly affording them time to put on the pads. Baines followed, and after making 3 very neatly, was allowed to retire "not out." Total number of runs 45.

The Olympians now sent in Clay and Morgan to the bowling of J. Wister and Howe. Clay was soon run out for 'a goose egg,' and was followed by Boller, who, with Morgan, remained at the bat a considerable time, killing the bowling of the Philadelphians and running the score up to 18, when Morgan, in getting back at a well pitched ball of Wister's, hit his wicket, and of course was compelled to retire for being so very imprudent. The batting of Morgan, as also that of Boller, was much admired, and they bid fair to make a stir in the cricketing world yet. Barclay and Crawford added but 1 run to the score, the latter being admirably caught to the long field on by Lane. Hunt, however, improved matters by a score of 15, consisting of doubles and trebles, most of them good forward drives, though rather too aerial in their motion to be safe; after being well bowled by J. Wister he was followed by Massey, (a very neat bat, but who is too fond of the outside of the crease,) who helped the score seven runs. Outerbridge was victimized by Dusenbury the first ball, but Feltwell and White very prettily increased the score a score exactly. White's batting was much admired. Carpenter's timbers being shivered for 0 by Lane, the Olympians retired for 85 runs, leaving the Philadelphians 40, to make, to tie their first innings.

The Philadelphians now placed Baines and Rooney at bat, but the bowling or fielding being too good, they soon became separated; Norris and Hall now took the bat, but could add but 3 to the score before Morgan settled his hash. Howe succeeded, and after some excellent hard hitting, and a score of eleven runs, was compelled to retire at the instigation of Mr. Massey, who unfortunately secured the ball before it reached *terra firma*—in other words, 'he caught him out.' Wister, Kuhn, Dusenbury, Lane, Henry and Blight being soon disposed of, the Olympians were proclaimed the victors by the unanimous applause of the spectators.

Among the good cricketing admired, the long-stopping of Mr. Hartman Kuhn perhaps gave the most general satisfaction. The bowling of J. Wister, Dusenbury, Hunt, and Barclay was good, as also the batting of Wister, Hall, Howe, Morgan, Boller, and White. The wicket keeping of Henry and Barclay was also deserving of notice. The following is the score:

PHILADELPHIA CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Norris run out	1	run out	2 3
2..Hall b Hunt	14	b Morgan	3 17
3..Shields (absent)	—		— —
4..Howe c F. White b Morgan	4	c Massey b Barclay	11 15
5..Wister c Outerbridge b Hunt	17	b Hunt	1 18
6..Lane b Hunt	0	b Barclay	2 2
7..Kuhn b Morgan	4	c Carpenter b Hunt	3 7
8..Rodney c Barclay b Hunt	0	b Hunt	1 1
9..Blight b Morgan	0	b Barclay	0 0
10..Henry c Feltwell b Hunt	0	not out	0 0
11..Baines not out	3	b Hunt c Boller	0 3
Wides 1	1		0 1
Total	44	Total	23 67

OLYMPIAN CLUB.—First Innings.

1..Clay run out	0	7..Massey b J. Wister	7
2..Morgan hit wic. b Wister	9	8..Outerbridge b Dusenbury	0
3..Boller l b w b Dusenbury	14	9..Feltwell b Howe	8
4..Barclay b J. Wister	0	10..F. White not out	12
5..Crawford c Lane b Dusenbury	1	11..Carpenter b Lane	0
6..Hunt b J. Wister	15	Byes 5, wides 13, no ball 1	19
Total			85

We believe that eleven young gentlemen could be 'scared up' here who could 'scare down' any eleven of the same ages in any city in the Union; who is the first to send a challenge? FELIX.

EMPIRE *vs.* HAMILTON.—One of the most exciting cricket matches of the season was played on Saturday, May 9th, at West Philadelphia, between the Empire and Hamilton Clubs. The playing on both sides was excellent. The batting of Messrs. Waples, Hanson, DeCourcy, and Godwin, of the Empire, and that of H. Kneass, of the Hamilton, was much admired. Waples scored 25 and not out, including one 3, seven 2's, and the rest single. The fielding of both clubs was excellent, especially that of the Empire. T. Roberts and Thomas made several beautiful catches; Hanson also fielded very well; the bowling and wicket keeping of DeCourcy and Waples of the Empire, and that of N. Kneass, Deckert, and Schwartz, of the Hamilton, was very fine; the long stopping of Smith of Empire, and Collins of Hamilton, was very good; neither club running any byes. The Empire having won the toss took the field, the Hamilton sending Schwartz and N. Kneass to the bats, the former showing some good hits. The first inning closed with 30 for the Hamilton, 56 for the Empire. Hamilton again went to the bats, and played desperately, but the Empire boys soon found the way to their wickets as the balls did to the hands of the fielders—the second innings closed with 14 for them, the Empire beating in one inning and 11 runs to spare. Too much praise cannot be given to the victorious club, as they were badly beaten by Hamilton last season, and it is owing to their untiring efforts on the field that they were this time the victors. The Empire have challenged the Orient, but no answer has yet been received. The following is the score:

HAMILTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Schwartz c Thomas b De Courcy	8	b Waples	0 8
2..N. Kneass l b w b De Courcy	0	b De Courcy	0 0
3..T. Altemus b De Courcy	0	c H. Wharton b Waples	1 1
4..H. Kneass b Waples	10	c T. Roberts b Waples	5 15
5..Palmer c S. Roberts b De Courcy	6	b De Courcy	0 6
6..Dechert c Waples b De Courcy	2	b De Courcy	3 5
7..Collins b De Courcy c T. Roberts	0	b Waples	1 1
8..Troutman c Thomas b De Courcy	2	run out b De Courcy	1 3
9..Loud c S. Roberts b De Courcy	0	c S. Roberts b Waples	0 0
10..West b Waples	2	not out	3 5
11..F. Altemus not out	0	b De Courcy	0 0
Total	30	Total	14 44

EMPIRE.—First Innings.

1..Godwin c West b N. Kneass	6	7..S. Roberts b N. Kneass	2
2..Blakeston b Dechert	0	8..Young b N. Kneass	0
3..H. Wharton b Dechert	2	9..Smith c West b N. Kneass	0
4..De Courcy b N. Kneass	5	10..Panconst b Schwartz	0
5..Waples not out	25	11..Hanson c West b Dechert	12
6..Thomas c H. Kneass b N. Kneass	2	Wides 1, no ball 1	2
Total			56

THE MECHANICS' CRICKET CLUB, of Newark, opened their season on the 7th inst., and elected the following officers: President, Hon. J. A. Pennington; Vice President, J. C. Jennings, Esq.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. T. Hinckley. Their opening match will be played upon their new ground, adjoining the residence of their President, on Elm street, on Monday next, 18th inst. During the evening, their retiring President, J. C. Jennings, was presented with a splendid bat. A testimonial was also presented to their Secretary, Mr. C. T. Hinckley, consisting of a massive gold pen and pencil. The club now numbers seventy-five members, and is in fine condition.

NOTICE.—The members of the Harlem Club and friends are requested to meet at Maguire's Hotel, 115th street, 3d Avenue, on Monday, the 18th inst., at 11 A. M., for a day's play.

The "Professor of What!" to avoid serious consequences is also requested to return the books of the club, as well as the two balls belonging to them, and obtained by surreptitious means, and oblige the members, on behalf of whom I hereunto affix my signature. BENJ. BATES.

P. S.—We hereby also publicly deny having authorized him or any other person to attend the recent convention on our behalf.

THE LONG ISLAND CLUB commenced the season on the 12th inst., by a day's play among their own members, the weather being fine and agreeable. Their anticipations for the coming season are of the most ardent description. Is the rumour of their playing a match with Yonkers correct?

THE BROOKLYN commenced on Saturday, the 9th inst. This club has made desirable additions, both in numbers and talent, and will no doubt make a creditable appearance on the tented field, the coming summer.

THE NEWARK gentlemen have also handled the leather and willow for the first time, feeling, no doubt, that as they are to play a conspicuous part in the campaign of '57, that much practice will be necessary.

Some gentlemen of Lancaster, Pa., are seriously taking into consideration the practicability of starting a club in that neighborhood. If there are any players, or persons who would like to join in that vicinity, they would do well by calling on Mr. S. Fiske.

HAND BALL AGAIN.—George J. Haro and James Kurle, will play Richard Joseph Toner and Dennis Daly, a game of Hand-Ball, for $20 a side, and have agreed to play on Monday next, 18th inst., at the Ball Court, corner of Court street and Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, between 1 and 2 P. M.

AQUATICS.

MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.
THE UNION BOAT CLUB VERSUS HALIFAX.
THE SCENE OF ACTION NOT AGREED TO.

BOSTON, May 9, 1857.

MR. EDITOR: The preliminaries of the Great Boat Race between the Union Club of St. John, N. B., and the Halifax Boat Club, are not yet settled, in consequence of the latter Club not coming to terms in regard to the place of action. A correspondence has for some time past been going on between both Clubs, but up to the present time nothing definite has been agreed upon. The Union Boat Club proposes to row for $2000, the race to come off in the Harbor of St. John, or upon a Lake in the vicinity of St. John, and they will defray the expenses of the Halifax Club—or, should they object to both of those proposals, they are willing to row on Charles River, each party paying their own expenses. The two former propositions, Halifax has declined; and as to the latter, they have not yet given an answer, although a better place perhaps could not be found in the United States for deciding the Championship of North America. Should the Halifax Club not agree to those proposals, it is the intention of the Union Boat Club to have all the correspondence published, in order that the public may see upon which side rests the blame in not deciding this great race. I have the above information from Walter Welsh, Esq., President of the Union Boat Club, who was in this city, this week, and who says that it is more than likely that Charles River will yet be the place agreed upon.

Yours respectfully, JAS. BROWN.

[We agree with our correspondent that a better spot cannot be found than the aquatic race course on Charles River, and we sincerely hope that both Clubs may ultimately agree to decide this important match upon that beautiful stream. Should it be determined on to have the race rowed on Charles River, the occasion will draw together 100,000 spectators from the British Provinces and from every section of the United States. By all means, let Boston be the battle ground.—ED. CLIP.]

BOAT RACE ON CHARLES RIVER, BOSTON.—An exciting race is to come off on Boston waters, on Saturday, 16th inst., at 4 P. M., between the club boats "Huron" and "Volante." This race will doubtless prove an event of no ordinary interest. The crews of both boats have been training for the last six weeks. The pride of Harvard College is at stake, they never having been beaten, and they seem perfectly sanguine as to the result of the coming contest; while their opponents, the "Volantes," full of *vim*, are equally confident of success. Much money is pending on the result. The judges of the race have been selected, viz.: Messrs. Grenville S. W. Braman, for the Volante, and Alfred Whitman, Jr., for the Huron. A full report of this aquatic contest will be given in next week's CLIPPER.

YACHT RACE ON THE DELAWARE.—Our Philadelphia friends should bear in mind that the match between the two celebrated yachts of that city, viz.; the John S. Conday, and the Daniel P. Ray, is to be decided on the river Delaware, on the 14th inst. The steamboat Oscar Thompson will accompany the boats, for the purpose of giving the public a chance to see this great race. The steamboat will start from Maiden-street wharf at 9 o'clock, A. M., and touch at Christian-street wharf. A report of the race will appear in our next.

PLAY OR PAY.—We were wrongly informed on the subject of the yacht race between the Webster and Kirby. It "was a go," notwithstanding the storm, and the race took place according to the terms of the match, on the 5th inst., on the East River. The Kirby proved the winner, beating her opponent several minutes, and thus winning the stakes of $500.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Preparations are being made for the annual regatta of this club, which is to come off early in June.

NEW BOATS.—T. Doyle, a Boston boat builder, has just completed two beautiful boats, one a four-oared, 36 feet in length; the other a shell, 29 feet. Our New York boatmen will be pleased to hear of Mr. Doyle's success in boat building, that gentleman having bestowed many attentions on our New York friends, in the races in Boston.

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.—We understand that a meeting of this club will shortly take place, for the purpose of making arrangements for their annual regatta. Due notice of the time and place of meeting will be given in our next.

PEDESTRIANISM.

CHALLENGE.—East Cambridge, May 11, 1857.—Hearing that William H. Knight wishes to run me five or ten miles, I hereby inform him that I am ready and willing to make a match with him, but I do not wish to be humbugged, as I have other business to attend to. I will run him five or ten miles for $100 a side, in three weeks after the first deposit. Man and money ready at Wallrobe's saloon, corner of Short and Bridge streets, East Cambridge. THOMAS WOOD.

TRAINER, THE CALIFORNIA PEDESTRIAN.—We understand that Mr. Trainer, a celebrated California pedestrian, arrived here by the last steamer, and has been matched against Mickey Free, to walk a plank 2 ft. wide, and 30 ft. long—the man first giving out to lose the match. The match has been arranged to take place at Mr. Butler's, corner of 25th street and 9th Avenue, to commence on the 26th inst.

YOUNG SPORT is unable to get on a match. First, it was said that Amos Sanders would run him, but Amos on being called to the scratch, said he had'nt time to run, but intimated that Dorsey would be happy to accommodate Young Sport; but at the time appointed for a meeting to settle the preliminaries, Dorsey turned up missing, as we expected, probably feeling satified that his chances in a contest with the young 'un would be but slim.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

We remember a discussion to which we listened while upon a journey down the Ohio during last winter. It had been a dull day, and our little boat made but slow progress through the cakes of floating ice; consequently, we looked around upon the crowd in the cabin in the hope of finding a source of amusement. At the after end of the boat was a groupe, composed of a pious exhorter—whether Methodist or Hard Shell Baptist, we know not—and four or five young ladies, who evidently looked upon him as a saint—Paul and the Apostles rolled into one, and apparelled in broadcloth. They ta[illegible] in subdued and drawling tones, varying their conv[illegible]tion by attempts at psalmody that would driv[illegible] Handel [illegible] Haydn crazy. At the forward part of the cabin, some hardy Ohio farmers were discussing "craps" and "drowth." The only genial face that we saw was a lone Virginian, who sat by the stove, in a sort of solitary island, surrounded by a lake of tobacco-juice, the result of his own unaided exertions. As we had but three things to do—either to commit suicide, consume the very bad brandy at the bar, or cultivate our Virginia Crusoe, we chose the latter, and opened the conversation with an original remark concerning the weather. A running fire of chat followed, to which one of the Ohio farmers became a party. So soon as the two got fairly to work, we laid back and listened, with the patient and dignified air of a chairman at a mass meeting. The Virginian took ground in favor of physical sports, the turf, the ring, cricket, hunting, fishing, and such like, as necessities to our mental and physical nature, and as not injurious to morals. The Ohio farmer contended that mental amusements complied with all the necessary impulses, and that the physical development we needed could be obtained by labor. At first, we were exceedingly interested, but when both parties had exhausted their main points, and began to wander to remote objects, we grew wearied and went to our state-room. There we soon fell asleep, and dreamed we were a white horse, with a black tail and mane, and had just beaten Flora Temple, in a mile heat, coming in at 2:10¾—which was tolerably fair time, all things considered.

Pseudo-moralists, fellows who have neither pluck, vivacity, nor physical stamina—ghostly gentlemen who

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to,'

will concur with the farmer from Ohio. Along with these will be found the mere money-grubber, who spends the best part of the day in scraping together gold and silver, swallows his meal in three minutes, and returns home, lean and cadaverous, to doze upon his seat at the opera, or nod an involuntary agreement with some prosy lecturer in a badly ventilated concert room. Here, too, may be found the attendant of the Rev. Dr. Snuffle's conventicle, who thinks any moment not spent in whining and drawling, a simple waste of time; who perverts piety to profit, or who covers that wholesome reverence, so proper and just, with cant and hypocrisy. Here, too, will be found many well-meaning but weak men, who follow a crowd, without questions, especially if the crowd have a look of respectability. But the Virginian will have with him a different class of men—good, bad, or indifferent, so far as their moral constitution or habits goes—but men who feel they have sense and reason on their side, and who are well convinced that, to keep in a sound and healthy condition the bodies of a nation, is the only way to secure that nation's moral and mental well-being. This class is growing larger every day, and it is gradually drawing into it, not alone the learned, the polite, and the intellectual, but even the honestly pious, and the money-getter who is not altogether sordid. In short, all classes are beginning to recognize the necessity of preventing the decrease of manly force, in this country, by the encouragement of those healthful-physical sports which will call the faculties of body and mind into pleasant and vigorous exercise.

The index of this great truth may be seen in the Press—that certain barometer of the popular mind. A few years since, when field sports were considered low, and the ring a vulgar exhibition, a single paragraph dismissed the race or the prize fight. Either was treated to a summary recital, as of some ordinary difficulty or accident. Now, on the contrary, the leading journals give these affairs in their closest details; and a journal like this, especially devoted to the chronicling of physical sports, attains an enormous circulation and powerful influence. That circulation and influence is confined to no illiterate or vulgar class, as the enemies of out-door sports would have some people believe. Among our subscribers and correspondents, and we believe it is true as applied to sporting journals of less circulation than our own, are men of rank and note, in the literary, scientific, political, and moral world. If we were not debarred by editorial confidence, we could publish a list of names that would astonish the strait-laced advocates of weak bodies and spindle shanks.

Yet why should they be astonished? Long anterior to the time of the Isthmian games, physical sports were prominent, as recognized institutions among civilized people. Indeed, by reference to the picture-writings in the pyramids, the records of Industan, and the sacred and inspired Book, we see their parallel march with civilization in its progress; and we find, wherever barbarism exists, they are neglected for the cultivation of licentiousness and cruelty. The improvement of man and animals demands a cultivation of their physical points. No healthy minds can long exist in unhealthy bodies. All men of sense know this, and hence it is that our list of subscribers and correspondents embraces so many who are eminent as moralists, authors, and philosophers.

And so ends this lesson. The anti-sporters can chew the bone it presents, and report on it at their leisure.

PROMISING COLT.—Mr. J. H. Lenyon, of St. Lawrence county, New Hampshire, has a Black Hawk colt, foaled on the 21st of June last, that is 14 hands high, and weighs 640 pounds.

AMERICAN STUD IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I have recently noticed in certain quarters, a series of attempts palpably written in reply to certain opinions put forth by me recently, professing to remove, what the writer is pleased to call "the erroneous opinion which is abroad" concerning the character of the meetings—Brighton and Stockbridge—at which the American horses are to appear; and to show that, in spite of their running under the immense advantage of carrying between twenty and thirty pounds less weight than any English horses in the races for which they are to contend, they will nevertheless achieve an immense victory, and will absolutely prove the superiority of the American to the English race horse, if they win by a length or even by a head.

The writer, or writers, for they are anonymous, of these replies would seem to have considered that, by a system of casuistical special pleading, and simple assertions *ex Cathedra* of what Lord Castlereagh used to term false facts, he could at once annihilate the "Old Yorkshire Turfman," but he not yet finding himself utterly demolished, has a word to utter in reply.

Now in the first place the glorifier of Ten Broeck's horses asserts *ex Cathedra* that Brighton and Stockbridge are both *first-class racing meetings;* and gives it, as his reason for this stunning and startling announcement, which will be rare news in England, that Stockbridge is in the vicinity of some of the most celebrated training grounds in the South of England; and that Brighton is joined to Goodwood by rail. So is Doncaster, for that matter, to Portsmouth; but I have yet to learn that the races on Portsmouth down are, therefore, first-class racing meetings.

The fact is, that the *only first-class meetings in England now* are Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster—autumn not spring—Goodwood, and—in reference to one or two events only, the Cups, and the Grand National Steeple Chase—Liverpool and Chester.

York, which was once the crack meeting of the North, has fallen into disrepute, and, like the meetings of a hundred other country towns, is visited only by the gentry of the adjacent province and a few professionals.

Brighton races never pretended to occupy a rank much higher than that of Lewes, Hampton Court, Bath, or any other provincial cities. Its attendants have always been, mainly, composed of the officers of the regiments quartered in the neighborhood, and the watering-place belles and dandies—lots of legs and a few masters of platers, which usually run there. I attended Brighton races many years, owing to the fact of an uncle of mine having a residence there, who was *one* of the largest and most distinguished—if not *the most*—of the Southern Racing owners; and I never saw, or heard of, a first-rate horse running there at that time. The person I allude to never entered anything but *weeds*, and that only, because as a summer visitor and resident at Brighton, it would have seemed ungenerous utterly to slight the races.

I believe the character of the horses entered may have slightly improved, since that time; but there is no event of any note; no prize run for, which to win confers any possible celebrity; and no person would any more dream of calling Brighton a first-class meeting, than he would Newcastle-under-Line or Berwick-upon-Tweed.

As to Stockbridge, so little is it heard of, that, when I first saw it named as the place at which Mr. Ten Broeck's horses were to make their *debut*, I had to turn to the map and gazetteer to discover in what county of England it lies—and I am positively certain that my ignorance in that respect is shared by nine-tenths of all the sporting men in England, except those of the immediate vicinity, a few *small legs*, and the owners of old horses, which travel about leather-plating.

It is an out of the-way little country town in the western part of Hampshire, which, with Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Gloucestershire, constitutes the least sporting and racing part of England; there being no race course, in any of them, of more than the merest local notoriety, consisting of hunter and garrison races and the like, the most part with amateur and non professional riders—this last fact alone being enough to stamp any race meeting as third or fourth-rate.

It is stated in "White's History of the Turf," a work of standard authority, published in 1845, that the principal stakes at Stockbridge are two produce stakes of fifty sovereigns ($250) each, and I perceive by the advertisements this year, that a hundred sovereign "Stewards Stake" is advertised. How unutterably ludicrous to call *this a first-class racing meeting!*

Nothing is gained by this way of making capital, and if Mr. Ten Broeck's horses are going to be cracked up as unutterable phenomenons because they win a fifty or a hundred sovereign plate at Stockbridge, if they do win it, nothing will result but ridicule.

It is all very well and very wise, in Mr. Ten Broeck, to enter his horses, at first, for inferior events, in order to ascertain how they are going; how they have stood the changes of climate, food, and water; how the turf-tradcs agree with them, and on what terms they run against moderate, fair, and ordinarily good horses, before trying them for great events and against the great winners of all years—and I have no doubt, that such is precisely Mr. Ten Broeck's own view of the matter; and that he will no more think of throwing up his cap and singing Io Peans, and proclaiming his horses superior to all England, because he wins—if he do win—a hundred sovereign stake at Stockbridge, than he will of doing anything else utterly unsportsman-like and ridiculous.

Now, as regards the other matter about the effect of weight on horses—*I never said* that a difference of seven pounds between equal horses made a difference of a distance, but exactly the reverse.

What I did say, and what I still say, and what no *horseman* will dispute, is this—that, between equal horses, *both carrying the utmost weight under which they are capable of going at their best pace*—or between *unequal horses rendered equal by handicapping*, that is to say by relieving the one and loading down the other by means of a scale of comparative weights—seven pounds extra *will* make the difference of a distance; and so it will!—and no one, who knows the difference between a race horse and a jackass, will dispute it.

But it is not *seven* pounds, but a weight ranging, according to conditions, from *not less than eighteen* to above *thirty* pounds, *less* than the best English horses, that Mr. Ten Broeck's horses will carry; which difference of weight the writer of the remarks, referred to above, is pleased to call a *trifling difference of weight*—one which makes a merely trivial discrepancy between equal horses, and which would not render it virtually a defeat, for a horse running at this advantage to win by a length or even by a head.

Does this writer mean to say that two stone weight, 28 lbs., upon a horse's back, when going at his full stretch, does not amount to the difference of a length, or even of a head, in two miles?

In the great race of Boston and Fashion, the horse being extremely powerful and in every way qualified for a weight carrier, ran, at nine years old, carrying 126 lbs., against Fashion, at five years old, carrying 111 lbs.

The two heats were done, as is well known, in the unequalled time of 7:32½—7:45.

The first heat was closely contested and won by about a length, both animals being punished, although the mare not severely so.

Now, does the writer of this mass of sophistry mean to assert that if Boston had carried, in that heat, 154 lbs. instead of 126 lbs.—which is 28 lbs. allowance—the same under which Lecomte will run against every winner of a double event of Derby and St. Leger—he would have run the mare to a length, or have done the four miles in anything approaching to 7:32½?

I do not think he would be apt to carry assurance so far; and I certainly hope he would not, for assuredly if he did he would only make the judicious grieve.

It is remarkable enough, that in close connexion with the predication of these marvellous new theories in regard to the non avail of weight, I find a letter from that excellent and thorough horseman and writer on racing subjects, "D. P.," of Washington, in which he *maintains exactly the converse of the argument*, whose fallacy I here expose, not controvert.

He insists that Lexington, carrying eleven pounds less weight than Boston, and being allowed to start on a run, doing his four miles in 7:19¾, really made worse time than 7:14¼—and would have been beaten by Boston at even weights.

"If," he says, "'Long Island' will allow that Lexington gained two seconds, by being allowed to pass the judges at full speed—and that, perhaps, is a very short allowance—and will then add twenty two seconds gained by eleven pounds of less weight, will he not necessarily swell up the time to 7:41¼?"

Elsewhere he says—"*There is no sense in handicapping, if weight does not affect the speed of a horse.* There is no sense in requiring all horses of the same age, in our races, to carry the same weight, unless eleven pounds would be certain materially to retard the progress of a horse in a long heat of four miles."

Now if eleven pounds more weight will retard a horse twenty-two seconds—twenty eight pounds will retard a horse fifty-six seconds in four miles—consequently twenty-eight seconds in two miles; and about thirty-seven seconds in two miles and three-quarters, the length of the Goodwood Cup Course.

Now, Brown Dick and Arrow, running together, went at the rate of a furlong in 13 2 3 seconds, which would be at the rate of about two and three quarter furlongs, or considerably above a quarter of a mile in thirty-seven seconds, to which "D. P." holds twenty-eight pounds to be equivalent.

Pronouncing this, however, as above probability, it is idle for any man, living at this present day and with the existing amount of knowledge as to weight and time in horse racing, to assert that the carrying twenty-eight lbs. extra weight ought not easily to defeat one of two equal horses—and that by several lengths, not by a head—in a race of two miles and three quarters.

The idea that the American horses will *lose* advantage by running two and a half mile single races, is simply preposterous.

The English horses *might* do so by running four mile heats, because Englishmen are not used to train, and perhaps do not know how to train, for four-mile heats.

But that the Americans should lose by the reverse is absurd. Since one and two mile races are not unknown in America—since the first heat is, nine times out of ten, the quickest heat—since, if a horse can run four miles, *a fortiori* he can run two, though it does not follow that he can run four, *because* he can run two—and lastly, since, if he can run two consecutive heats fast, *a fortiori*, if he have not got to be nursed for the second heat, he can afford to run the first heat *faster*, when it is a single heat.

Again, if beating the English horses by a head, or by a length, at 28lbs. advantage, is to prove the incontestable superiority of the American to the British racer—then the superiority of the *French* to the English racer is *already* incontestably proved—since several French horses have lately won the great events, at that allowance, by a head and by a length or lengths.

A conclusion to which I think even the flagrant *amor patriæ* of the wildest eulogist of the American horses in England will hardly bring him.

But to conclude. To set all the matters at rest, it is known and proved, by experiment, a thousand times over, that handicapping is *not* nonsense, but that, by a system of weighting, the worst horse on the turf may be made to beat the best that ever ran on plates, to a positive certainty.

And the thing happens, in a greater or less degree, twenty times every year in England; and twenty-eight pounds is about the maximum of difference ever allowed.

If, therefore, the American horses should beat all the best horses in England, at an advantage of 28lbs., by three or four lengths, in a two-and-three-quarter mile race, I shall consider, and so will the sporting world—whatever the groundlings may do—that *those particular American horses* are decidedly inferior to the English horses, on even terms—whatever may be the case as to the race of American and English horses, at large; which cannot be affected by any one or two events. One word more, and I have done. The writer of all this sound and fury talks of the bragging of John Bull about his horses—the only article which has appeared, that can in any way be called bragging, is *one* foolish enough communication of a correspondent, "One who loves a horse," to Bell's Life—nothing editorial or of authority. Now I beg to suggest that this writer himself has, week after week, kept up one constant blast of braggadocia trumpeting as to the superlative excellence of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses, and the utter degeneracy and worthlessness of the English horse and the English system, ever since the horses sailed. Perhaps it would be as well to pull out the beam from his own eye, so as to see clearly how to pull out the mote from his neighbor's eye.

Yours in the flesh and the spirit,
AN OLD YORKSHIRE TURFMAN.

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LONDON, April 17, 1857.

FRIEND QUEEN—The annual eight-oared match between the Oxford and Cambridge University crews generally commences the boating season in London, and has done so for the last thirty years. Last year, the day was very cold, with an adverse gale of wind, and the Cambridge party were victorious. The usual distance, from Putney Bridge to the Ship Tavern at Mortlake, was run in twenty-five minutes, winning by half a length. This year, the distance was run in 22 min. 55 sec., and the Oxford party were victorious by thirty-five seconds. The names and weights of the collegians who rowed last year were:—

OXFORD.	st	lb	CAMBRIDGE.	st	lb
1.P. Gurdon, University..	10	6	1.J. P. Salter, Trin Hall...	9	11½
2.W. F. Stocken, Exeter..	10	0	2.F. C. Alderson, Trinity..	10	13
3.R. T. Salmon, Exeter....	10	8½	3.R. L. Lloyd, Trinity....	11	11
4.A. B. Rocke, Christ's Ch.	12	8½	4.E. Fairrie, Trin Hall....	12	3
5.R. Townsend, Pembroke.	12	3	5.H. Williams, St. John's.	12	5
6.A. P. Lonsdale, Balliol...	11	5½	6.T. M'Cormick, St. John's.	12	8
7.G. Bennet, New College.	10	11	7.H. Snow, St. John's....	11	5
8.J. T. Thorley, Wadham.	9	13	8.H. R. W. Jones, Trinity.	10	3
F. W. Elers, Trinity (cox)	9	2	W. Wingfield, Trinity (cox)	9	0

The Oxford crew of last year was composed of men who already had a high reputation; that of Cambridge was composed of men who were determined to win one. This was just right for producing great competition. Of course the decision then in favor of Cambridge only excited more attention among the Oxonians, and when they sent their challenge to the Cantabs in November last, it was immediately accepted.

This year the most spirited preparations and training were made. The Oxford gentlemen ordered a new boat of Matt. Taylor, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and commenced training by the 1st of March, and also engaged him to instruct them—Oxonians—in the art of rowing! Those who know the general perfection of the University crews will see that this was rather complimentary to the "jolly old waterman," and evinced the anxiety of the Oxonians to excel. The Cantabs also ordered a new boat of Messrs. Salter, at Wandsworth. She is a sixty-footer, and was tried on the Cam for two or three weeks before running the race on the Thames. During the week previous to the last match these boats were rowed for practice, with a change off of crews, and a change off of each separately against crews of watermen put into the other boat. These timing trials ranged from 22:10, 21:55, 20:10, and 19:45, all unprecedented. The following are the crews for this year's race, and their exact weights after the severe week of practice at Putney:—

OXFORD.	st	lb	CAMBRIDGE.	st	lb
1.R. W. Risley, Exon....	11	2¼	1.A. P. Holme, Trinity....	11	8
2.P. Gurdon, University..	10	12½	2.A. Benn, Emmanuel.....	11	5
3.T. Arkell, Pembroke....	11	0⅜	3.W. H. Holley, Trin Hall..	11	8
4.R. Martin, Corpus.....	11	12½	4.A. L. Smith, Trinity.....	11	2
5.W. H. Wood, University.	11	9½	5.J. J. Sergeantson, Trinity.	12	4
6.E. Warre, Balliol.....	12	3¼	6.R. L. Lloyd, Magdalene..	11	11
7.A. P. Lonsdale, Balliol...	11	8¾	7.P. Pearson, St. John's....	11	4
8.J. T. Thorley, Wadham.	10	0½	8.H. Snow, St. John's.....	11	7
F. W. Elers, Trinity (cov)	8	13½	R. Wharton, Magd (cox)..	9	2

The success of the Oxford party is mainly attributed to Matt. Taylor's boat, for although the rowing of Messrs. Thorley, Gurdon, and Warre, attracted much admiration, they did not so uniformly please aquatic critics as the Cambridge crew, of which Mr. Snow was captain.

I know that it is too much the fashion to suppose boating a mere idle pastime, especially around New York. Of course boating men know better. But, as your paper has an immense circulation in the great West, where the young men—who are the pride of our country—are just beginning to organize boating clubs, allow me to point out the fact that these institutions of manly emulation are admirably adapted for the formation of a superior individual and national character. This young man, Mr. Snow, has carried off most of the academical and collegiate honors the past year at Cambridge. This is not merely the result of accident, for the records of his predecessors (during the last thirty years) show the honored names of Selwyn, Denman, Nicholson, Penrose, Shadwell, Arnold, Chitty, Macnaghten, Prescott, and others, obtaining their high reputation in all the departments of learning by the invigoration of body and elasticity of mind attained in this and similar athletic exercises.

But I must leave you to do all this sort of talk. When the race was decided, each crew greeted the other with three rousing cheers, and the thousands of spectators gave a thundering chorus to each salute Eleven large steamers accompanied the excursions; the Leander Club, with its crack eight, were out; three eights of the Westminster Scholars also turned out in rowing toggery; and an immense number of the local tradesmen's clubs.

The aquatic season is now fairly and emphatically opened, and we may expect some very interesting items. Last Monday, the Nautilus Club had their annual rowing match, from Putney to Chiswick, and T. Candlish and W. Taylor rowed their match for £30 a side from High-Level Bridge to Scotswood. To-morrow week the London Model Yacht Club have their opening trip. I therefore let these matters take precedence of horse talk at present.

The Newmarket Craven Meeting had a middling muster on Monday last for the usual four days. There was no special train from London, Sunday P. M. The fun began on Tuesday with the Sale Stakes, which lay between Glenmasson and Claude Lorraine. The Subscription Plate of 50 sovs. went to Flacrew, (ridden by Alfred Day, who has got his toe better and been able to waste as low as 8 st. 4 lb.,) and Squire Watt made a very fair second. The Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each had a numerous party, and fell to Admiral of the White, with Secret second. The Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each was a little more select, but still a pretty good pool, and fell to Gemma di Vergy, with Lord Nelson second. The Twenty-fourth Tuesday Riddlesworth made much sport, in which Vanity led, with Hurdle second. The Newmarket Handicap was led by Poodle, with Pantomime second. In the last Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each Mœstissima had a walk over, for the joke seemed to be played out.

On Wednesday, Claude Lorraine worked up first for the Handicap Plate, with Knight of Avon second. The Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. had a very spirited party, of which Sir R. Bulkeley's Bel Esperanza came in first, ridden by John Bumby, with Hegira second. Messenger had been the favorite, but came in lame and last. The Subscription Plate went to Stormsail, with Beechnut second. Beechnut had been very favorably considered on account of promising trials, but lost in the two other races. The Column Stakes went to Lord Portsmouth's Ayacanora, with King of the Forest second.

On Thursday, the sport was dull at first. The Aske Stakes went to a walk over by Queen of the East. The Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. did not fill, and went to a walk over by Vanity. The Claret Stakes gave things a reviver, especially as Wentworth beat Manganese by ten lengths. The £50 Sweepstakes made a nice lift for Crusado, with Western Power second. A match then came off between Alliance and Rosa Bonheur, in which the former won easily. In the Handicap Plate, Indulgence and Flyaway made a dead heat, and divided the stakes. The Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. fell to the Physalis colt, with Traitor second. The Handicap Sweepstakes fell to Uzella, with Stormsail second. The Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. went to Gemma di Vergy, with Lord Nelson second. The £70 Plate went to Indulgence, with Little Tom second. The result of the three days has left Scott's Derby lot almost without hope in the way of betting.

The Great Northern next Tuesday at York promises well, and Lord Zetland will try his usual friendly rivalry with Lord Ribblesdale. There are twenty-eight two year-olds in for the Zetland Stakes. Betting is lively on Saunterer, Sprig of Shillalah, Ignoramus, Gemma di Vergy, and Apathy, in the Spring St. Leger.

Tuesday last was also an interesting time at Durham, when our friend M——— was there, missing the first day's business, and six similar events went off very well. The Scurry Handicap Stakes went to Sulpitia, with Lady Durham second. The Juvenile Selling Stakes fell to Spider, with Queen of Trumps second. The Hunt Cup went to The Emperor, with Phœnix second. The New Stakes were a prize for Duneany, with Gorse Hill second. The North Durham Handicap Stakes went to Walhalla, with Baroda second. The Selling Stakes brought in Sulpitia, with Honesty second.

There were races at Coventry last Monday and Tuesday, but none of our party were present. Out of eleven events I understand that the best thing was the Craven Steeple Chase Handicap, in which thirty-four starters made a splendid burst for four miles.

Wednesday and Thursday were very lively at Catterick Bridge, where the fun began with the Craven Handicap, in which Admiral Lyons was winner, with Martlet second. The Ninth Easby Triennial Produce Stakes brought out a troop of thirty-two, led by Meta, with Night Ranger second. The Brough Handicap, 17 running, went to Norton, with Gaudy second. The Eighth Easby Triennial Stakes went to Sir Colin, with Peto second.

Yesterday, as far as heard from, the Hornby Handicap had Bourgeoise for winner, with Brother to Preston second. The Oran Stakes went to Lady Alice, with Bess Lyon second. The Scramble and the Tally-ho were run for after the mail left.

One of the best jokes of the day is that some of the metropolitan "betting shops" are fitted up precisely like an undertaker's warehouse, clearly showing how the "dead 'uns" may be "taken in."

The law requiring race horse duty has been amended so that £3 17s. is all the demand, and the claim is only made for horses which actually run, while the receiver's receipt is sufficient to clear the horse for the current year.

Races are now going on at Abergavenny (Wales) and at the Kildare (Ireland) Hunt Meeting. In England, the most prominent yesterday was the Southdown Hunt at Lewes.

Since the admirable steeple chases at Windsor, there has been an increase of the pig-skin spirit exhibited at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Knighton, and Nuneaton.

In France the second steeple chase of the season at La Marche was well attended. The jumps in the "Grand Annual" were twenty-seven, and Mr. Manby's The Dean showed the Frenchmen how the thing can be done. Three events went off very well. The ensuing Paris Races will take place at Longchamps, in the Bois-de-Boulogne, instead of on the Champ de Mars, as heretofore.

The late steeple chase at Warwick being thrown open to the French as well as English officers has caused the French sportsmen to arrange for a steeple chase in France, open for English officers, to take place on the 23d of May, the day before the French Derby. This is highly honorable to all concerned.

I understand that the entries for the Goodwood Cup have just closed with forty subscribers. Count Lagrange, the French gentleman who purchased Mons Aumont's stud, has one nomination. But the most important item is that Mr. Ten Broeck has two nominations, and this looks as if he meant to carry off the Goodwood Cup, if possible.

LEATHERSTOCKING.

RULES FOR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

NO. IV.

BILLIARDS.

A CODE OF RULES TO REGULATE THE AMERICAN, OR FOUR-BALL GAME.

From Michael Phelan's New Work, "The Game of Billiards."

RULE I.

On Stringing for the Lead.—Whoever, playing from within the *string* against the lower cushion, can bring his ball nearest to the cushion at which he stands, is entitled to the choice of lead of balls. Provided,

1st. That the player's ball, in stringing, has not touched any other ball upon the table;

2d. Nor fallen into any of the pockets; in either case he loses the choice.

RULE II.

On Leading.—1st. In leading, the player's ball must be played with sufficient strength to pass below the deep-red ball, or he loses his choice.

2d. It must not be played with so much strength as to repass the deep-red ball a second time, after having rebounded from the foot of the table. In this latter case, it is optional with the adversary to make the player spot his ball on the *pool spot*, play it over again, or take the lead himself.

RULE III.

On the Opening of the Game.—Once the lead is made, the game is considered as commenced, and neither player can draw except under the circumstances hereafter specified. But no count or forfeiture can be made until each player has played one stroke.

RULE IV.

On Foul Strokes.—The penalty for a foul stroke is this: that the player cannot count any points he may have made by such stroke, and that his adversary is entitled to the next play. The following are among the strokes called foul:

1st. If either player use his opponent's ball to play with, the stroke is foul; and, if successful, he cannot count, provided the error is found out before a second shot is made. But,

2d. Should two or more strokes have been made previous to the discovery, the reckoning cannot be disturbed, and the player may continue his game with the same ball. And,

3d. If it be found that the players have changed balls during the game, and if the change can be brought home to neither in particular, each must keep the ball he has, and let the game proceed.

4th. Should both the white balls be off the table together, and should either player, by mistake, pick up the wrong one and play with it, the stroke must stand, and he can count whatever he has made. [The reason of this is obvious; for both balls being in hand and having alike to play from any point within the string, no possible advantage could arise from using the other's ball. Whereas, when the balls are on the table, the case is totally different, for your opponent's ball might be advantageously placed, while your own was directly the reverse.]

5th. If the striker aim at a ball before it is fully at rest, or while any other ball is rolling on the table, the stroke is foul and no count can be effected.

6th. If, when in the act of taking aim, a player should touch the ball more than once with his cue, the stroke is considered foul.

7th. If the player, when pushing his own ball forward with the butt of his cue, does not withdraw the butt before the cue-ball touches the object-ball, the stroke is foul.

8th. If, when a red ball is holed, or forced off the table, the striker, before playing, does not see that said red ball is replaced upon its proper spot—supposing such spot to be unoccupied—the stroke he may make, while the red is not in its proper place, is foul. But should the spot be covered by any other ball, when the red is pocketed or forced off, the red must remain off the table until its proper position is vacant, and all the balls cease rolling.

9th. If, when the player's ball is in hand, he does not cause it to pass outside the string, before touching any object-balls or cushion (except in a case mentioned in the following rule,) the stroke is foul, and his opponent may choose whether he will play with the balls as they are, have them replaced in their original positions, or cause the stroke to be played over a second time; or, should the player make a losing hazard under such circumstances, the penalty may be enforced.

10th. Playing at a ball whose base, or point of contact with the table, is outside of the string, is considered playing out of the string; and the stroke is a fair one, even though the side which the cue-ball strikes is hanging over, and therefore within the string.

11th. If, after making a successful stroke, the player obstructs the free course of the balls upon the table, he becomes subject to the penalties of a foul stroke, and cannot score his points.

12th. If the player, with his ball in hand, play at an object-ball that is exactly on the string, the stroke is foul; for a ball *on* the string must be treated as if within it.

13th. If the striker, through stretching forward or otherwise, has not at least one foot on the floor while striking, the shot is foul, and no points can be reckoned.

14th. If a player shall alter the stroke he is about to make, at the suggestion of any party in the room—even if it be at the suggestion of his partner in a double match, except where a special agreement is made that partners may advise—the altered stroke which he plays is foul, and he cannot count any points that may be won thereby.

RULE V.

On Forfeitures.—1st. If the player fails to hit any of the balls upon the table with his own ball, he forfeits *one*, which must be added to his adversary's count.

2d. The player forfeits *two* when his own ball is pocketed, after first having touched a white one.

3d. He forfeits two to his opponent, also, when he causes his ball to jump off the table or lodge on the top of the cushion, after having first touched his opponent's ball.

4th. When his own ball is pocketed, or jumps off the table, or lodges on the cushion, as before described, without either having touched any ball at all, or having only touched one or more red ones, the player forfeits three.

[In and around New York, three is the highest number that a player can be mulcted in for any single stroke; but, in some other parts of the Union, they add to this forfeiture any number of points which he may otherwise have made by the stroke. Surely the penalty of three, and to lose his count and hand, ought to be enough to satisfy a Shylock.]

5th. If the player cause any ball to jump off the table, and should it, by striking against any of the bystanders, be flung back upon the board, it must still be looked upon and treated as if it had fallen to the floor. If a red ball, it must be spotted; if a white one, held in hand; and if it be the cue-ball, the player shall forfeit two or three to his opponent, conformably to the terms laid down in the two preceding paragraphs.

6th. Though the striker, when playing with the wrong ball, cannot count what points he may make, except in those cases mentioned in the second, third, and fourth paragraphs of Rule IV.; nevertheless, whatever forfeitures he may incur while playing with the wrong ball, he is bound to pay, as if he had been playing with his own.

7th. Any player who has commenced a game, as specified in Rule II, must either finish or forfeit it, except under the circumstances particularly set forth in Rule VII.

RULE VI.

On Cases Where the Balls are in Contact.—1st. If the cue-ball be in actual contact with any other, no count can be made by the player.

2d. Nevertheless, he must strike and separate the balls, at least one inch, and will lose, as in common cases, should he either pocket his own ball, cause it to jump off the table, or lodge on the cushion.

3d. The player must separate the balls as above stated; but should his ball retrograde to its old position, the onus of separating them will then rest upon his opponent. He cannot be called upon to do it twice.

[This rule, though imperative here, is not recognized in some other parts of the Union. In many places the player can count by first playing on another ball away from his own. We mention this to avoid disputes, which frequently arise on this point, between players from different sections.]

RULE VII.

On Withdrawing From, without Finishing a Game.—1st. The player may protest against his adversary's standing in front of him, or in such close proximity as to disarrange his aim.

2d. Also, against loud talking, or any other annoyance by his opponent, while he is making his play.

3d. Also, against being refused the use of the bridge, or any other of the instruments used in that room in playing, except where a special stipulation to the contrary was made before commencing the game.

4th. Or in case his adversary shall refuse to abide by the marker's, or company's decision, on a disputed point, which it was agreed between them to submit to the marker, or company, for arbitration; in any one, or all of the foregoing cases, if the discourtesy be persisted in, the party aggrieved is at liberty to withdraw, and the game shall be considered as drawn, and any stakes which may have been depending on such, must be returned.

5th. Should the interruption or annoyance have been accidental, the marker, if so requested by the player, who is entitled to repeat his stroke, must replace the balls as near as possible in the position they occupied before the player made the stroke in which he was interrupted.

RULE VIII.

On Cases in which the Marker must replace the Balls if called on, as nearly as possible in their former Position.—1st. In the case mentioned in the 5th paragraph of preceding rule.

2d. Where any of the balls when at rest are moved by accident.

3d. Where any of the balls while rolling, are suddenly obstructed, either by accident or design. In this case the marker, if so requested by the players, shall place the interrupted ball as nearly as possible in the situation which it would apparently have occupied had it not been stopped.

4th. Where the cue-ball, resting on the edge of a pocket, drops into it, before the striker has time to play.

5th. Where the object-ball, in a similar position, is rolled back into the pocket by any of the ordinary vibrations of the table or atmosphere.

6th. In all cases aforementioned, where it is specified that in consequence of a foul stroke, the player's opponent shall have the option, either of playing at balls as they are, or causing them to be replaced by the marker.

7th. When either or both of the red balls are pocketed, or forced off the table, it is the marker's duty to spot them before another stroke is played—except the spot appropriate to either be occupied by one

of the playing balls, in which case the red one must be kept in hand until its position is uncovered. No player should attempt to obstruct

8th. If, after playing a ball striking it again, blowing at it, or any or accelerate its progress, any other means, his opponent may either play at the balls as they stand, or call upon the marker to replace them in the position they would otherwise have occupied in the act of taking aim, or otherwise, move his ball ever so little, it is a stroke; and should he strike the ball again, his opponent has the same option as in the preceding paragraph.

RULE IX.

On the Duty of Players to Each Other.—1st. Each player must look after his own interest, and exercise his own discretion. His opponent cannot be called on to answer such questions as "Is the ball outside or inside the string?" "Are the balls in contact?" and so forth. These are questions for the player's own judgment to decide.

2d. Each player should attend strictly to his own game, and never interfere with his adversary's, except when a foul stroke or some other violation of these rules may call for forfeiture.

RULE X.

On the Duty of the Marker, and the Spectators, to the Players.—1st. In a single game, no one, not even the marker, has a right to interfere with the play, or point out an error which either has been or is about to be committed. The player to whose prejudice the foul stroke is made, must find that out for himself.

2d. Even after a stroke has been made, no one in the room has any right to comment on it, either for praise or blame; for the same stroke may occur again in the course of the game, and the player's play be materially altered by the criticism to which he has just been listening.

3d. Let marker and spectators keep their places as much as possible, for if they crowd or move around the table, they are *liable* to interfere with the players, and certain to distract their attention.

4th. When the spectators are appealed to by the marker, for their opinion on a point which he has been asked, but finds himself unable to decide, such of them as are well acquainted with the game should answer according to the best of their knowledge and belief. Those who know little or nothing of the game would oblige themselves and others by at once confessing their incompetence. Either they may not have seen the disputed stroke, or seeing it, they may not have been familiar with its merits.

RULE XI.

On the Marker's Duties in Particular.—The marker's duties may be thus summed up:

1st. To proclaim each count in a voice that can be heard by the player at his own table.

2d. To post the total run made by each player before the next begins to strike.

3d. To spot the balls when necessary.

4th. To furnish the bridge and other implements of the game, when called for.

5th. To see that the player be not obstructed in his stroke by being crowded by the spectators.

6th. To decide without fear or favor all questions of order and fairness which shall be officially laid before him for his opinion. But,

7th. Let him never volunteer a remark upon any portion of the game.

8th. Let him never touch a ball himself, nor allow any other person except the players to touch one, except when officially called upon to replace the balls, as specified in Rule VII., or when asked to decide as to which is the ball that properly belongs to the player. In this case, should the spot be turned down on the table, he may lift the ball to ascertain the fact—but never let him touch them voluntarily.

9th. Finally, when called upon to decide a disputed point, of which he has no personal knowledge—the fairness of a shot which was made when he was looking elsewhere, for instance—let him proclaim silence, and take the opinion of such of the company as avow themselves competent to judge. The voice of the majority should be allowed to settle all debate; but should their decision be flagrantly in conflict with any of the well-known and admitted rules hereinbefore laid down, the party who fancies himself aggrieved may give notice of appeal to lay the question before what the lawyers would call "a jury of experts"—the marker, meanwhile, or some other responsible party, holding the bets, if any, which depend on the decision. This appeal is final; and must be made before another stroke is played.

FURTHER RULES FOR THE FOREGOING GAME, WHEN PLAYED AS A FOUR-HANDED MATCH.

In a four-handed match—two playing in partnership against two—the foregoing rules of the single game must be substantially observed, with the following additions:

1st. Each winning hazard made by the player puts the opponent who preceded him out of play. Consequently, the partner of the party so put out, steps in and takes his place.

2d. But if the player makes a losing hazard (pockets his own ball,) or makes two misses in succession, or causes his ball to jump off the table, or lodge on the cushion, he loses his hand, and must resign it to his partner.

3d. In this double match the player's partner is at liberty to warn him against playing with the wrong ball, or playing, when his ball is in hand, at an object-ball within the string; but he must *not* give him any advice as to the most advantageous mode of play, &c., &c., except it has been otherwise agreed before the opening of the game.

FURTHER RULES FOR THE SAME GAME, WHEN PLAYED BY THREE INDEPENDENT PLAYERS.

RULE XII.

The rules of the single American game are substantially binding on the three-handed game, with the following additions, to meet the increase of players:

1st. The players commence by stringing for the lead, and he who brings his ball nearest to the cushion (as in the single game) wins the choice of lead, balls and play; and he who brings his ball next nearest to the cushion has the next choice of play. The third player cannot enter into the game until the first hazard is made, or until one of the players pockets his own ball, or makes two misses in succession, or causes his own ball to jump off the table or lodge on the cushion.

2d. All forfeitures in this game count for *both* of the opponents, at the same rate as in the single-handed game.

3d. If a player makes two misses in succession, or pockets his own ball, or causes his ball to jump from the table, his hand is out.

4th. He who can first make sixty-six points is out; the other two continue until one reaches the hundred.

5th. When he who has first made sixty-six retires from the game, the player whose hand is out adopts his ball; as that ball is entitled to its run, and also to the next play.

6th. If the player should cause both his opponents to become sixty-six by a forfeiture, neither of the parties can claim game thereon, but must win it by their next count. But if only one of the opponents be in a position to become sixty-six by a forfeiture, then the forfeiture reckons as usual, and that opponent wins the game when such forfeiture is made.

So much for the American, or four-ball game.

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life in London, April 19, 1857.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APR. 22.—Cobley and Crockett—£100 a side, London.
MAY 12.—Hayes and Travers—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 2.—Tonge and Tighe—£25 a side, Manchester.
8.—Riley and Rafferty—£20 a side, Birmingham.
16.—The Tipton Slasher and Tom Sayers—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt, London.
23.—Dan Morris and Brooks—£50 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM SAYERS AND THE TIPTON SLASHER.—Another deposit of £10 a side for this important affair was made on Tuesday, at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle Street, Leicester Square. The next of £10 a side must be forthcoming at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranbourne-passage, Leicester Square, on Tuesday next, the 21st inst., when the Slasher will be present. He is at present residing at Massey's, but will start for country quarters in the course of the week.

Fight between Jesse Hatton and William Campbell (of Greenwich) for £25 a Side.

This contest was brought to a satisfactory issue on Tuesday, on the Home Circuit. Hatton has long been associated with the doings of the P. R., having fought several battles, and although his scientific qualifications have never been very conspicuous, still his determination has been such as to gain for him the good opinion of his friends. His last appearance was with George Baker, of Chatham, in which he was defeated. Jesse has at all times been backed by the sporting men of the East End. This was Campbell's *debut* in the roped arena, he being backed by Jem Cross, of Greenwich, in whose academy he has for some months past been known as a rough and ready operator with the mittens. Being anxious to gain milling celebrity, Cross agreed to find the needful, but from his performance on this occasion we cannot give any promising hopes for the future, as he was in all essential points a perfect novice. Had he possessed the slightest knowledge of the science of boxing he could have won the contest over and over again, for Hatton at times was in that state of physical prostration that it only needed a good and well-fought round or two to have given him the *coup de grace*. Campbell is quite a young man, but is strongly made and well put together. While the match was in progress there had been complaints on the part of his backers of his not paying the necessary attention to his training; but be this as it may, there could be no doubt that he was in admirable condition; Hatton was likewise in fine condition, but stale. The belligerents were confined to 10st. 4lb. Both were within the prescribed limit, but Hatton had the advantage of some 4lb. or 5lb. weight. The contest produced much excitement, and by the time the tough old Commissary had completed the ring arrangements there could not have been less than 1,000 metropolitans assembled on the field of battle. Jesse, who was very confident, was waited on by George Brown and Jack Hicks, while Dan Collins and Samuel Millard, of Birmingham, were retained to do the requisite for Campbell, who in betting was the non-favorite, the friends of Hatton freely backing him at 6 to 4. By 2 o'clock the whole of the preliminaries had been adjusted.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The ball was at once opened by Hatton, who was evidently anxious to commence operations. In dashing out with both mawleys he got well home with the right on the side of the head, when Campbell retreated to the ropes. Hatton followed, and attempted to administer a slashing thwack with his right, but was not within distance. Hatton, in boring in, closed, when Campbell went down.

2. After a little manœuvring on the part of Jesse, he let fly with the left, and planted a stinger on the top of Bill's head. In retreating, Campbell was followed by Hatton to the ropes, when, as Jesse let fly, his antagonist countered with him, and both did considerable execution. Hatton now fought his way in for a close, when Campbell in the struggle lifted his opponent completely off his legs, and both went to grass.

3. Hatton tried his left, but was not within distance. As he came rushing in for a close his antagonist retreated, but Hatton was not to be denied. In a most determined manner he forced his opponent to the ropes, and in the exchanges both got well home, Jesse with the right twice on the side of the head, and Campbell on the top part of the cranium. This brought them to a close, when, after a dose of fibbing from Jesse, they both went down.

4. Hatton came gaily from his corner, but had not long to wait. Jesse, after putting out his left as a feeler, followed up with the right, and in a round hit got home with considerable force on the side of the knowledge-box. Campbell then broke ground, when he was followed by Hatton until they got near the ropes. Jesse, often hitting out with more resolution than judgment, wanted to close, when, as he was rushing in, Bill hit out wildly, and with the right had the good luck to plant a stinger on his antagonist's left peeper. Hatton fell forward on his face, and all round the ring imagined that this chance right-hander on the part of Campbell had brought the contest to a speedy and unlooked-for close. Hatton unquestionably was all abroad, and on being taken to his corner, he was bleeding copiously from an ugly cut under his peeper.

5. Immediately "time" was called Campbell came up, while in Hatton's corner the utmost confusion prevailed. "Time, time," was again and again repeated, when at length Jesse came staggering to the scratch. His seconds were extremely busy, and made Bill open his hands to show he had nothing in them, the reason for this being obvious to all. Hicks in this instance very much exceeded the duties of a second. Had Campbell possessed the judgment, combined with the requisite qualifications, he must have won the battle with the utmost ease. Hatton had by no means shaken off the stupefying effects of the severe hit received in the preceding round, and so totally prostrate was he in himself, that it only needed one effective spank to finish the contest. This finishing stroke Campbell was not however able to give, for after a very harmless round, in which nothing was done, Hatton went down in the centre of the ring all of a heap.

6. Campbell on coming up forced the fighting, and after administering a little-un on the damaged peeper, Hatton went down.

7. Hatton took the initiative, planting the left on the top part of his opponent's brain canister; Campbell in return delivered the left and right on the head, but there did not appear to be sufficient "powder" in these blows to make them effective. As Hatton tried to close Campbell retreated to the ropes, when he slipped and fell.

8. Campbell, with a half spring, attempted to plant the left on the head, but the intended compliment was not up to the mark. Hatton hit out wildly with both mawleys, when Campbell went down.

9. Hatton made the fighting, getting home the right on the side of head with considerable force. Campbell, who had not the least idea of stopping, broke ground, but as his antagonist followed with impetuosity he stood and fought gamely. The exchanges, though lacking precision, were nevertheless delivered with good effect, both doing execution on the upper works. In a close they struggled and both went down.

10. Hatton dashed out the right, but too round. In a rally they got to the ropes, and in the struggle that ensued both fell.

11. This was a spirited and hard fought round. They went to work in a regular ding-dong manner. In the counters both got on with telling force, and as Campbell retreated Hatton followed and forced the fighting with undaunted resolution. In the exchanges a good dose of pepper was administered, when the lads closed, Jesse as a finish giving his man a fine cross-buttock.

12. Hatton, first at the scratch, again forced the fighting; hitting, however, left and right with more determination than judgment, so that he did but little execution. In a rally they closed near Hatton's corner, when Jesse slipped from his own impetuosity and went down.

13 Jesse opened the ball by dashing out the right, but it did not reach its destination. After a pause the lads again went to work, and after an exchange of counters, Jesse slipped and fell upon his knees. Campbell stood looking for a moment at his prostrate foe, and then went to his corner smiling.

14. Campbell, in leading, succeeded in planting a stinger on Jesse's nasal prominence, who, on the instant dashed at his man. Hatton, with the left and right, administered some telling punishment, while his opponent in return was by no means idle, as he fought Jesse entirely on the give and take principle. In a rally they got to the ropes, when Hatton fell on his knees, but immediately recovered his equilibrium, and renewed the battle. After some spirited exchanges, they closed, and in the struggle for the fall both went down in a harmless style. Having so far gone into a minute description of the contest, by which our readers will be enabled to form a pretty accurate judgment respecting the merits of the belligerents, we may state, and that as concisely as possible, all that need now be written. On both sides, during this protracted battle, several fluctuating changes took place, but neither man appeared able at the proper moment to give the finishing touch when required. That Hatton fought with great gameness will not for a moment be disputed; but the style in which he contended with his opponent will not add to his reputation as a man of science, for this by one and all was admitted to be his worst performance within the magic circle. He not only hit round, but also open-handed, and had this not been the case, his hitting would have been more effective, and would, perhaps, have been the means of bringing the contest to a much speedier termination. He, however, fought throughout, and particularly when the tide was strong against him, with the most unflinching perseverence. In the whole 130 rounds were fought, occupying three hours and ten minutes, when Campbell, in the last of these bouts, many of which were of a most contemptible description, was knocked out of time. The sponge was, therefore, thrown up in token of defeat and Hatton hailed the winner.

REMARKS.

Beyond being a game and resolute contest, in which both men did their utmost for victory, this battle has little or nothing to recommend it to the patrons of the noble art. Campbell, we are confident, is never destined to make a "star," though with an opponent of his own standing he will at all times be able to make a game and spirited fight; while it is far from impossible for him to gain some better knowledge of boxing than he now possesses. Had he been anything of a boxer, in the true acceptation of the term, he must have won this battle, for we have seldom seen a man more completely licked than Hatton was two or three times during the tourney. During the contest considerable confusion prevailed round the ring, and Campbell's friends complained that they did not receive fair play from the referee; but in this we unhesitatingly say they are wrong, as, all things considered, this functionary acted with the utmost fairness and impartiality. Of Hatton we need only say that he is entitled to every praise and consideration as a game man; but, having left the ring a winner, he will do well and wisely to take our hint and retire and leave it and its honors, not to gamer, but more youthful and fresher candidates.

Jem Cross has called on us to complain of the conduct of the referee, who he declares was very partial in his judgment, and repeatedly passed over deliberate fouls on the part of Hatton, he says moreover that his man was robbed out of the money. Our reporter declares he saw nothing but what was perfectly fair on the part of the referee, although, at the same time, he admits that the conduct of Hicks (one of Hatton's seconds) was not such as to earn him credit among his friends. As to the result, all we have to do is to abide by the decision of a referee in any battle, but on the present occasion there is no necessity for appealing to this person, as Cross himself ssems to have thrown up the sponge for his man.

FIGHT FOR WEDNESDAY NEXT.—JOB COBLEY AND GEORGE CROCKETT, FOR £100 A SIDE.—Another deposit of £10 a side for this mill, which comes off on Wednesday, was made on Wednesday evening. The lads are to go to scale on Tuesday, between twelve and two, at Ben Caunt's. Both have been for some time in active training, and are reported bang up to the mark. Each, as our readers are aware, has met the renowned Bob Travers in the battle field, but with different results, Crockett having been vanquished, and Cobley having overcome the dusky hero. Cobley is rather the favorite in the betting, but the friends of Crockett appear eager to back their man at any point beyond even betting.

ANOTHER BATTLE.—WILLIAM WHITE (THE CALEDONIAN MOUSE) AND BELL.—These lads, who are of the light weight division, had to fight in the same ring as the above men, and no time was lost in getting them to work. White was waited upon by Joseph Hoiles (the Spider) and Jack Hicks; while George Brown and Robert Fuller (the pedestrian) did the polite for Bell. The combatants, who displayed many excellent milling points, fought in a merry dashing style for nearly an hour, when the referee was compelled to put a stop to hostilities, in consequence of the prevailing darkness. With the exception of some injury to the Mouse's left hand, but little harm on either side was done; and the lads are to meet again on Wednesday next in the same ring with George Crockett and Cobley, when there can be no doubt a game and exciting mill will be the result.

STILL ANOTHER.—GILLIAN AND MOTTLE—The fight between these Portsmouth heroes came off on Monday last, at Hayling Island. After fighting for two hours and five minutes, the police put in an appearance, and the men and their friends had to recross the water to another place, where, at the end of the 122d round, and the expiration of another 35 minutes, making the total time two hours and 40 minutes, the referee stepped into the ring and declared that, in his opinion, both men had had enough, and ordered that hostilities should cease. At a meeting of the men and their backers, it has since been mutually agreed to draw the stakes, but the friends of the heroes at the same time determined to present each man with the money, and pay them for their colors, as both had showed such indomitable courage. We have received a letter from a Mr. Gill, of the Caledonian-road, who was present, who declares that Mottle met with much unfair play, and that had not Gillian resorted to the tumble down system, Mottle must have won. He also asserts that Harry Broome, who was backing Mottle, met with much illtreatment. We have, however, heard from Harry Broome, who declares himself satisfied, and makes no complaint. We are, therefore, bound to suppose that his version of the affair is a correct one.

AND YET ANOTHER.—FIELDHOUSE AND COLTER.—These Birmingham men met on Monday, at an early hour, three miles on the Worcester-road from Birmingham, at catch weight, for £5 a side; but before they could get to scratch the authorities appeared, and stopped the game. An arrangement was made to meet on Tuesday, which they did, near Selby Oak, on the Worcester-road. A ring was soon formed, and the men lost no time in getting to work. Colter had the advantage in weight, height, and length of reach; yet, with these advantages, Fieldhouse got first blood from the nasal organ in the third round, and the knock down blow in the fifth round; but, barring these two advantages, the fight was, on the whole, in favor of Colter, Fieldhouse resorting to the "tumble-down" system. There were some good exchanges during the affair, and both were considerably punished. After contending for 1 hour and 25 minutes, in the 52d and last round Fieldhouse fell without a blow. The referee at once decided in favor of Colter.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACING AT GARRATT LANE, WANDSWORTH, APRIL 13.—CHARLES COOKE OF MARYLEBONE AND RICHARD EDEN OF BARNES.—The distance these pedestrians had to run was 1,160 yards, for £5 a side, and soon after four o'clock the men came to the starting-post in the midst of a rather heavy fall of hail, which, much to the satisfaction of the spectators, ceased immediately after the start. Cooke, when stripped of his ordinary "togs," was seen to be all that could be desired. The referee having taken up his position, the signal for starting was given, when, at the second attempt, they dashed off at a rapid career. The lead was taken by Cooke, who at a clipping pace cut out the running, leaving a gap of some ten or a dozen yards between himself and his opponent. Eden, thus in the rear, continued to follow closely, in good style, and from his running it was apparent that he was prudently holding himself in reserve for the final effort. Until they had arrived within three hundred yards of the goal, Cooke held the front position, but at this period Eden closed up the gap between them; however, Cooke was by no means a beaten man, for it was not until after a fine race to the end, that Eden went in a winner by not more than two feet. Run on a heavy ground in two minutes 50 seconds.

HANDICAP RACE OF ONE MILE.—The competitors in this event were handicapped by William Price in the following manner:—Charles Cooke (of Marylebone,) 40 yards start, Henry Andrews (of Holborn) 40, James Wilson 50, James Mahoney 60, William Newman (of London) 70, Jeremiah Mahony 80, J. Castles 100, Spring 100, Henry Woodstock (of Marylebone) 100, Robshaw 120. On the signal-gun being fired the parties got off in capital style, the leading men cutting out the running, which, however, soon became too good for Robshaw, Spring and Castles, who, finding they had not the remotest chance, prudently retired from the contest after the completion of the first lap. In the second round the lead was taken by Jeremiah Mahoney, while Woodstock in turn was passed by Newman, Andrews, and Wilson, and these men, as they raced on to the goal had, in the third lap, to succumb to little Cooke. Every foot of ground was gamely contested by the remaining men, and, after a spirited struggle, they went by the goal in the following order:—Jeremiah Mahoney winner by six yards, Cooke second, Newman third, Andrews fourth, Wilson fifth, James Mahoney, the only remaining antagonist in the race a long "pull" in the rear. Run in 4min. 50sec.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Charles Westhall is matched to walk seven and a half miles within an hour, on Monday, the 11th of May.

AQUATICS.

THE SKIFF MATCH, for £15 a side, between Thomas Candlish, brother to the once-celebrated Jem Candlish, and William Taylor, the youngest of the well-known four-oared crew of brothers, came off on Monday last. The distance was from the High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge. Candlish, whose career is short, has been very unsuccessful, having lost three matches, one with Shaftoe, and two with the elder brother of his present opponent. Taylor has been engaged in many a hard struggle for one of a four-oared crew, as a skiff-rower this may be considered his beginning. Candlish, who was the favorite at 6 and 7 to 4, was trained by Richard Clasper, and his fresh ruddy glow of health when he appeared at the start showed that he had undergone a rigorous course of training. Taylor was trained by his brother, and he, too, appeared in capital trim. The race took place at six o'clock in the morning, and notwithstanding that the snow fell thick and fast, there was a fair sprinkling of the admirers of aquatic sports to witness the contest. That well-known and clever judge, Mr. Thomas Monkhouse, consented to act as referee, and Mr. M. Taylor and Clasper officiated as umpires. A capital start was effected, Taylor taking the lead at a killing pace until reaching Bottle House Quay, where Candlish began to draw gradually upon him, and at the Skinner's Burn, Candlish was leading about a yard. At the foot of the New Quay, Taylor spurted, and again succeeded in obtaining the lead which he maintained for some distance. Candlish, who appeared to be taking matters quietly, now put on an increased speed, and succeeded in drawing his boat level. A hard struggle then took place for the supremacy, both pulling vigorously for a considerable distance; Candlish's superior stamina, however, enabled him to draw his boat ahead, and he ultimately gained an easy victory.

TO CURE THE SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoons full of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will, in less than fifteen minutes, give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.—[Exchange.

MAY DAY IN NEW YORK;

OR,

THE TROUBLES OF A MOVER.

"MR. FLASH in?"

"Mr. Flash? Don't know any such person, my son."

"Why, he lives here!" continued the boy.

"Guess not, my son; I live here."

"Well, this is the house, for I brought the things here."

"What things?" says our friend, Flannigan.

"Why, the door mat, the brooms, buckets and brushes," says little breeches.

Flannigan looks vacantly at his own door mat, for a minute, then says he—

"Come in my man, I'll see if any such articles have come here, for us."

The boy walks into the hall, amid the barricades of yet unplaced household effects—for Flannigan had just moved in—and Flannigan calls for Mrs. F. The lady appears and denies all knowledge of any such purchases, or reception of buckets, brooms, and little breeches clears out.

In the course of an hour, a violent jerk at the bell announces another customer. Flannigan being at work in the parlor, answers the call; he opens the door, and there stands "a greasy citizen."

"Goo' mornin'. Mr. Flash in?"

"Mr. Flash? I don't know him, sir."

"You don't?" says the "greasy citizen." "He lives here, got this bill agin him, thirty-four dollars, ten cents, per-visions."

"I live here, sir; my name's Flannigan, I don't know you, or owe you, of course!"

"Well, that's a pooty spot o' work, *any how*," growls our greasy citizen, crumpling up his bill. "Where's Flash?"

"I can't possibly say," says Flannigan.

"You can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Don't know where he's gone to?" growls the butcher.

"No more than the man in the moon!"

"Well, he ain't goin' to dodge *me*, in no sich a way," says the butcher. "I'll find him, if it costs me a bullock, you may tell him so!—for *me!*" growls the butcher.

"Tell him yourself, sir; I've nothing to do with the fellow, don't know him from Adam, as I've already told *you*," says Flannigan, closing the door—the "greasy citizen" walking down the steps muttering thoughts that breathe and words that burn!

Flannigan had just elevated himself upon the top of the centre table, to hang up Mrs. F.'s portrait upon the parlor wall, when another ring was heard of the bell. He called to his little daughter to open the door and see what was wanted.

"Is your fadder in, ah?"

"Yes, sir, I'll call him," says the child, but before she could reach the parlor, a burly Dutch baker marches in.

"Goot mornin', I bro't de *pills* in."

"Pills?" says Flannigan.

"Yaw, for de prets," continues the baker; "nine tollas foof'cy cents. I vos heert you was movin', so I tink maybees you was run away."

"Mistake, sir, I don't owe you a cent; never bought bread of you!"

"*Vaw's!* Tonner a' blitzen!—don't owes me!"

"Not a cent!" says Flannigan, standing—hammer in hand, upon the top of the table.

"*Vaw's!* you goin' thrun away and sheet me, *ah?*"

"Look here, my friend, you are under a mistake. I've just moved in here, my name's Flannigan, you never saw me before, and of course I never dealt with you!—don't you see?"

"Tonner a' blitzen!" cries the enraged baker, "I see vat you vant, to sheet me out mine preet, you raskills—I go fetch the con-stable's, de shudge, de sher'ffs, and I have mine mon-ney in mine hands!" and off rushes the enraged man of dough, upsetting the various small articles piled up on the bureau in the hall—by *wanging* to the door.

Poor Flannigan felt quite "put out;" he came very near dashing his hammer at the Dutchman's head, but hoping there was an end to the annoyances he kept at work, until another ring of the bell announced another call. The Irish girl went to the door; Flannigan listens—

"Mr. Flash in?"

"Yees!" says Bibby, supposing Flash and Flannigan was the same in Dutch. "Would yees come in, sir," and in comes the young man.

"Good morning, sir," quoth he; "I've called as you requested, sir, with the bill of that china set, &c.

"Mistake, sir—I've bought no china set, lately," says Flannigan.

"Isn't your name Flash, sir!"

"No, sir, my name's *Flannigan*. I've just moved here."

"Indeed," says the clerk. "Well, sir, where has Flash gone to, do you know."

"Gone to be hanged! I trust, for I've been bothered all this morning by persons that scoundrel appears to owe. He moved out of here, day before yesterday; I took his unexpired term of the lease of this dwelling, having noticed it advertised, gave the fellow a bonus for his lease, and he clared for California, I believe."

This concise statement appeared to satisfy the clerk that his "firm" was *done*, and the young man and *his* bill stepped out. Another *ring*, and Flannigan opens the door; two men wanted to see Mr. Flash; he had been buying some tin-ware of one, and the other he owed for putting up a fire range in the building, and which range and accoutrements poor Flannigan had bought for twenty-five dollars, cash down! These gentlemen felt very vindictive, of course, and hinted awful strong that Flannigan was privy to Flash's movements; and a great deal more, until Flannigan losing his patience, and then his temper, ordered the men to vamose!—they did, giving poor Flannigan a "good blessing" as they walked away!

The family was about to sit down to a "made-up dinner" in the back parlor, when the bell rang; the Irish girl answered the call, and returned with a bill of sundry groceries, handed in by a man at the door.

"Tell him Mr. Flash has gone—left—don't know him, and don't want to know him, or have anything to do with him or his bill!"

The girl carried back the bill; presently Flannigan hears a *muss* in the hall, he gets up and goes out; there was Biddy and the grocer's man in a high dispute. Biddy—"true to her instinct," had made a bull of her message by telling the man her master didn't know him; go to the divil wid his bill! Flannigan managed to pacify the man, and give him to understand that Mr. Flash was gone to parts unknown, and—the grocer, in common with bakers, butchers, tinners and china dealers—were *done!*

But now came the tug of war; two "colored ladies" made their appearance, for a small bill of seven dollars, for washing and ironing the dickeys and fine linen of the Flashes.

"An' de fac *am*," says the one, "we's bound to had de money, *shuah!*"

It did not seem to *take* when Flannigan informed his colored friends that they were surely *done*, as their debtor had "cut his lucky" and gone!

The darkies felt inclined to be *sassy*, and Flannigan closed the door, ordering them to create a vacancy by clearing out, and just as he closed the door, ring goes the bell!

"Be gor," says a brawny "adopted citizen," planting his brogan upon the sill, as Flannigan opened the door—"I've come wid me *coz*-zin to git her wages, ye's owin' her!"

"Me? Owe you?" cries poor Flannigan.

"*Igh!*" says Paddy, trying to push his way into the hall.

"Stand back, you scoundrel!" cries Flannigan.

"*Scoun-thril!*" roars the outraged "adopted citizen."

"Stand back, you infernal ruffian!" exclaims Flannigan, as Paddy makes a rush to grab him.

"Give me me coz-zin's wages, ye—ye—" but here his oration drew towards a close, for Flannigan, no longer

able to recognise virtue in forbearance, opened the door and planting his own huge fist between the eagle-factories of Paddy, knocked him as stiff as a bull beef! Falling, Paddy carried away his red-faced burly coz-zin, and the twain tumbling upon the two negro women who were still at the bottom of the steps, dilating, to any number of lookers-on. upon the rascality of poor Flannigan in gouging them out of their washing bill, down went the white spirits and black, all in a lump.

Here was a row! A mob gathered; "the people in that house" were denounced in all manner of ways, the negroes screamed, the Irish roared, the Dutch baker came up with a policeman to arrest Flannigan for stealing his bread! And soon the butcher arrived with another officer to seize the goods of Flash, supposed to be in the house—ready to be taken away!

Such a double and twisted uproar in Dutch, Irish, Ethiopian and natural Yankee, was terrific!

Mrs. F. fainted, the children screamed, and poor Flannigan was carried to the police office to answer half a cord of "charges," and reached home near sundown, quite exhausted, and his wallet bled for "costs," fines, &c., some $20. Poor Flannigan moved again; the house had such a "bad name," he couldn't stay in it.

[Humors of Falconbridge.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ZATRIKIOLOGICAL MISCELLANY.

CHALLENGE TO S. LOYD.—Alonzo hereby challenges S. Loyd to play him a game through the CLIPPER; the opening to be the Muzio Gambit; Alonzo playing the Defence.

OBITUARY.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the recent and sudden death of the renowned Hungarian, Herr Szen. We are as yet wholly uninformed of any of the circumstances attending his decease. He was a magnate among magnates, the most formidable player of pawn-endings of the present day, and his loss will be like that of a brother to chess players the world over; for his name, and memory, and achievements are the common and cherished property of every land and language. Herr Lowenthal, of all men most fitted for the task, promises us a sketch of his career which we will immediately re-produce.

THE MANCHESTER CHESS GATHERING.—The Art Treasures' Exhibition at Manchester, Eng., furnishes an opportunity to the Northern and Midland Counties Chess Association, which they are determined to improve by a congress scarcely second in size and importance to the great Tournament of 1851. It was decided at the last meeting, at Leamington, to hold this gathering at Birmingham; but the Exhibition furnishing so desirable a point of attraction at Manchester, the Birmingham committee generously and self-denyingly consented to forego the result of their own exertions, already far advanced, and promptly handed over the funds to the Manchester committee, thus proving that they desired to serve the cause of Chess rather than to exalt themselves.

MATCHES ABROAD.—The match which has been for some time progressing between Mr. Staunton and a strong Mexican player, at the odds of a Kt, has been won by Mr. S.—The second match between Mr. Bird and Herr Falkbeer has ended thus: drawn, 5; Mr. B., 4; Herr F., 5, and the match. Close work this. The friends of the combatants are suggesting a match of 21 games for superiority.

CHESS IN GERMANY.—The *Illustrirtes Familien Journal*, a cheap illustrated paper for the million, like the *London Journal*, has commenced devoting a column to chess, under the editorial charge of Herr Polmœcher, Hon. Sec. of the Augusta Chess Club, Leipsic. "The point," says the Era, "on which we wish to make a few remarks is that it is significant of the fact that the *people* of Germany are chess-players. There Chess is not only the enjoyment of the few, but the source of pleasure to the many. The 'Familien Journal' will carry the productions of the best chess minds to the cottage of the German peasant, and spread a pastime, the cultivation of which is not only the index of a high state of intelligence, but also the precursor of a further advance in civilization. The amusements of a people are matters of no trifling importance; and we hope at no distant period to see the widely-circulated cheap English [and American] journals following the example of their German contemporary."

A REQUEST.—We would respectfully ask our contributors, in sending us games or solutions, to employ as near as possible our style of notation, as our correspondence is now so voluminous that not to do so subjects us to a great deal of (unnecessary?) trouble. P. 2, or 1, or on, or advances; or such, or such a piece, (ch) is not sufficient; please name clearly the sq. to which every piece or P. goes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J. W., Boston.—We simply meant that we have not received the author's solutions. The Era reserves its solutions till it accumulates some dozen or so, which it gives altogether. Thanks for your pains in solving the copied problems; also for the diagrams. Add, in future, a black ring round the black men to perfect them.

G. H. H., Boston.—Thank you. Keep it going.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Challenge, above. "Correct," sure. In our estimation no really desirable end can be accomplished by so disturbing the theory of the openings. We will even look at a suicide—from you. They *have* got a little ahead of us in that respect—the only one, isn't it?

S. LOYD.—Observe the challenge to you.

UN PION, Phila.—It did miscarry; on the track now.

MIDNIGHT, Syracuse, N. Y.—Come! come!! come!!!—that club!

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 60.

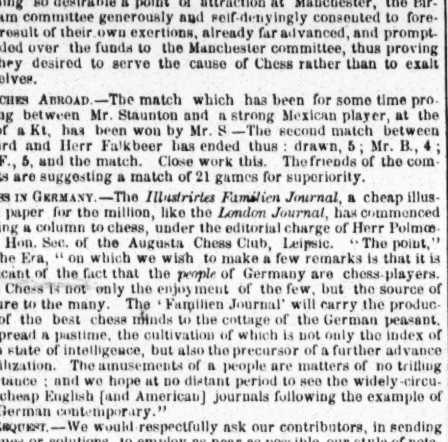
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..R to K 8 +	K to R 2	4..B to his 5 +	K to Kt 2
2..Q-K B 5 +	P-Kt 3	5..Kt-R 5 mate.	
3..Q × P +	K × Q		

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 60.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Kt × Kt P	B to Kt 2 *a*	3..B × B +	R interposes.
2..Kt-Q B 3	R × Kt *b*	4..R mates	
	a		
1..	P to B 6	3..K × P	Anything.
2..Kt-Q B 3	P-B 7 +	4..R mates	
	b		
2..		R × P at Kt 3	
3..R to Q 5 +		K moves	
4..Kt mates			

PROBLEM NO. 61.—BY E. J. WELLER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 61.

Between our contributor E. S. Brewster and another amateur of Pittsfield, Mass.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Black. E. S. Brewster.	White. Amateur.	Black, E. S. Brewster.	White, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..Kt P × Kt	Q × Q B
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	17..Q-K 5	Q her B 8 +
3..K B-Q B 4 *a*	K Kt-B 3	18..K-Kt 2	B-Q 3
4..P-Q 3	Q B-K Kt 5	19..Q her B 3	Q-K Kt 4 +
5..Castles	P-Q 4	20..K R-Kt 4	Q K R 3
6..K P × P	K Kt × P	21..Kt Q 2	Q × R P +
7..K R-K sq	Q Kt-B 3	22..K-B sq	B-K 4
8..P Q Kt 4 *b*	K Kt × P	23..P-Q 4	B his 3
9..P-Q B 3	Q B × K Kt	24..Kt K 4	Q-K R 3
10..Q × Q B	Q-K B 3 *c*	25..K-Kt 2 *f*	P-K Kt 4
11..B P × K Kt	K B × Kt P	26..Q R-K R sq	Q-K Kt 2
12..R K 2	Castles K R	27..Kt × B +	Q × Kt
13..Q-K Kt 3 *d*	P-K 5 *e*	28..Q her 3	P-K R 3
14..Q B-Kt 2	Kt-Q 5	29..P-K B 4	Q-K Kt 2
15..R × K P	Kt-K B 6 +	30..Q-K B 5	Q × Q P,

and Black mates in three moves.

NOTES.

a P to Q 4th, a majority of writers pronounce the best move here, but the German Handbuch gives the Attack a decided victory, with some dozen variations, from this move. They give in reply Philidor's move 3..P to K B 4th, but Staunton says that P to Q B 3d is far better, as it produces an equal game for the Defence against this form of attack.

b We do not see the prospective reward that justifies this sacrifice.

c This combination is miscalculated, and gives White a bad, if not altogether a lost game. 9..kt to Q 4th, and where is Black's equivalent for Q Kt P?

d To have exchanged Q's was now the obvious and most direct method of proceedure.

e He should have clung to every P with the tenacity of a last hope; having a superiority in this respect.

f Well played; we believe Black now wins by force.

AN ORNAMENTAL FRINGE.

The following is one of the most curious mates we ever had the pleasure of putting on record. Mr. A. Perrin, of the N. Y. Club, gives an amateur the odds of Q Kt.

KING'S GAMBIT ACCEPTED.

Black, Mr. A. Perrin.	White, Mr. H——.	Black, Mr. A. Perrin.	White, Mr. H——.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	7..Q B to K Kt 5	Q to K 4
2..P-K B 4	P × B P	8..Q × Q Kt	Q × Q
3..P-Q 4	P-Q 3 *a*	9..Q R × Q	P-Q B 4
4..Q B × B P	Q-K B 3	10..Q R-Q 5	Q B-K 3
5..Q-her 2 *b*	Q Kt-B 3	11..Q R Q 2	B × Q R P (!)
6..Castles Q R	Kt × Q P *c*	12..K B-Q Kt 5 mate *d*	

NOTES.

a He ought rather to have defended his Gambit Pawn.

b Not apparently attacking, but excellent in such an irregular Gambit.

c A Kt for a P. He should have adhered steadily to his apparent intention of deploying Q B, and then castling with Q R.

d Ha! ha! ha! Beautiful and exceedingly Grecoish! isn't it?

ENIGMA NO. 61.

BY ALONZO.

WHITE.—K at Q R 2; Q at K 6; R at Q 5; Kt's at K 8, and Q 7; P's at K B 3, and Q B 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q B 5; R at Q Kt 4; B's at K Kt 4, and K 7; Kt's at K Kt 3, and K B 7; P's at K B 5, K 2, Q Kt 3, and 7th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA

NUMBER ONE.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philad'a.
10..P to K R 3	Q B to Q R 3
11..Q Kt to B 3	Castles

NUMBER TWO.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philad'a.	Black—Boston
9..Q B to Kt 2	K Kt to B 3
10..P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 2
11..B takes K Kt	

BETWEEN DE PREFONTAINE AND LOPEZ.

White—De Prefontaine.	Black—Lopez.
17..Kt to K B 5	Kt takes B
18..Q takes K Kt	Q Kt to B 4

BETWEEN STAMMA AND MIDNIGHT.

Black—Stamma.	White—Midnight.
11..Q Kt to K 2	K B to his 3
12..Q Kt to K Kt 3	B takes Q Kt P

BETWEEN EN PRISE AND X. Y. Z., SENIOR.

White—En Prise.	Black—X. Y. Z.
22..P to Q B 5	Kt to Q R 3
23..K to R sq	Kt takes P
24..R takes P	Kt takes Q P

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
4..P to Q B 3	K Kt to B 3
5..P to Q 4	K P takes Q P
6..B P takes P	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE MOVE.

From Anderson's Treatise.

An Exposition of the Theory of the Move and its Changes, with the Natural System of Numbering the Board, in Accordance with the Improved Theory. By John Patterson, Mathematician, 70 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow.

Continued from last week's CLIPPER.

TO FIND AN EASY METHOD OF CALCULATING THE MOVE.

In a pair of the first class, the intervening squares, being always odd, may be represented by *one* of the pieces composing that pair; say, for example, the Black piece, if the pair is in the odd set, or the White piece, if the pair is in the even set. In all the pairs of this class the sum = number of pairs = P.

In a pair of the second class, represent the invariably even squares by *both* pieces, when the Black piece is in the odd, and consequently the White piece in the even set; but, if the pieces are not so situated, add neither of them. In all the pairs of this class the sum = 0, or = an even number, which does not affect the result. By this process, it is obvious that every Black piece in the odd, and every White piece in even set, is counted; and yet the result is not different from that obtained by the previous method; for, the entire sum of the squares = P × 0, or P × *an even number*, and is therefore of the same affection with P. Hence, if the sum of the Black pieces in the odd set, and of the White pieces in the even set of homologous rows, is odd; the squares are odd; but, if not, the squares are even.

TO BE CONTINUED.

☞ There appears to be a "division of opinion" regarding Position No. 107; so we will reserve the solution for the present.

☞ To A. R. N.—If you will play me "for love," that game (41, I believe,) that I attempted to analize, and which you seem to think you can win, I will be happy to accommodate you. J. S.

46 CHARLTON ST., N. Y., May 8th, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: If any of your contributors or readers should require "Anderson's" work at a reasonable price, and will send their address and two dollars to A. Ross, 46 Charlton street, N. Y., I will forward it, (together with such improvements or corrections as Mr. Anderson may have made since its publication,) direct from Glasgow, free from all further expense.

I go about the 1st of June, and return about the 1st of August, when I expect I expect I shall be prepared to hand you some original contributions to the "CLIPPER" from the "big Guns" on the other side of the water. Yours very respectfully, A. R. N.

SALEM, Mass., May 2, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIP.:—Will you ask Alonzo to grant one favor to me through your valuable sheet? That is, where a friendly meeting can be had across the Draught Board with him. By so doing, he will gratify a number of good draught players in Salem. G. R. MARDEN.

SALEM, April 30, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—Below, please find an analysis of Game No. 52, sent by "Express."

"Martin" draws the game for Black by playing 1 to 5, but "Alonzo" *wins* by moving as follows:

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
12.. 7 11	19 16 *a*	16.. 1 5	31 27
13..12 19	23 7	17.. 8 12	27 24
14.. 2 11	26 23	18..11 15 wins.	
15.. 3 8	30 26		
	a		
12..———		22 18	
13..13 22		26 17	
14.. 9 13		18 9	
15..13 22 wins.			

If this contains any errors I pray you deal leniently with me, as this is my "maiden speech"—that's what they say isn't it? It appears to me that your positions Nos. 107 and 108 should read: White to play and *win*, and Black to play and *draw*. Move in match game—21..18 to 14.

Is this a sufficient answer to "*do* let us hear from you?"

Truly yours, ALONZO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. We have received a number of solutions to your end-game; some giving it as drawn, others make White win. We shall give the solution next week. We publish your card to A. R. N.

ALONZO.—We gave the end-game without "going over it." It "rayther looks as though you've got it."

J. H., of Dundas.—Don't mention it—perfectly welcome. Match game commenced in this issue.

D. S. H.—Next week.

G. R. Marden.—We give your note. Thanks for your kind wishes.

FRANK.—"Maid of the Mill" this week.

A. R. N.—We give your notice this week. Thanks for "Single Corner."

SAM TWELVES.—Move on hand.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 109.

NEW SERIES.

White Plays.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..10 to 7	3 to 10	3..22 to 15	11 to 18
2..15 6	2 9	4..20 16 and wins.	

Black Plays.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..23 to 26	30 to 23	3..11 to 18	22 to 15
2..18 27	31 24	4..13 17 and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 108.

NEW SERIES.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 2 to 6	9 to 2	4..20 to 27	11 20
2..11 16	2 11	5..27 24	20 27
3..24 27	31 24	6..32 23 and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 110.

NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..21 to 25	5 to 9	7..11 to 16	11 to 15 †
2..25 30	9 13	8..16 20	15 19
3..30 26	14 17 *	9..30 26	29 25
4..23 18	17 21	10..20 16	25 18
5..18 11	21 25	11..16 20 White wins.	
6..26 30	25 29		

* FIRST VARIATION.

3.. to	10 to 14	6..18 to 14	29 to 25
4..16 11	14 17	7..11 15	25 22
5..22 18	17 21	8..14 9 White wins.	

† SECOND VARIATION.

7.. to	13 to 17	12..13 to 9	21 to 25
8..25 13	15 18	13. 23 26	14 17
9..23 27	18 22	14..26 30	25 29
10..26 7	14 21	15.. 5 9	17 21
11..27 23	10 14	16.. 5 1	

White forces Black into Anderson's 5th position, winning the game, though wanting the move.

GAME NO. 58.

NEW SERIES.

"MAID OF THE MILL."

Played between Messrs. Hull and Green, of Philadelphia.

Black, Mr. Green.	White, E. Hull.	Black, Mr. Green.	White, E. Hull.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	15..30 to 23	27 to 2
2.. 8 11	17 13	16.. 6 9	13 6
3..15 18	23 14	17..10 15	29 25
4.. 9 18	26 23	18.. 1 10	2 7
5..10 14	23 19	19..10 14	7 10
6.. 4 8	24 20	20..15 19	10 17
7.. 6 10	28 24	21..19 23	17 22
8..11 15	30 26	22..20 24	5 1
9.. 8 11	26 23	23..24 27	1 6
10.. 2 6	31 26	24..27 31	6 2
11.. 5 9	20 16	25..23 26 *	22 17
12..11 20	19 16	26..26 30	17 21
13..12 28	21 17	27..30 26	25 22
14..14 30	23 5	28..26 17	21 14

White wins.

* This loses. 31 to 27 would draw.

PHILADELPHIA, March 25, 1857.

ED. CLIP.—*Dear Sir*: The above game has some very fine cuts in it, which you will see upon examination. If you can use it, you are welcome to it. Yours, FRANK.

DRAUGHT ENIGMAS.

POSITION NO. 36.—OLD SERIES.

BY MARTIN.—DEDICATED TO B., OF PHILADELPHIA.

Black Men at 1, 2, and 12.
White Man at 10. White King at 14.
Conditions—Either to move: White to win.

POSITION NO. 37.—OLD SERIES.

BY J. D., OF BOSTON.

Black Men at 5, 7, 10, 11, 25, and 26. Black Kings at 12, 27, and 30.
White Men at 9, 14, 19, 23, 24, and 28. White Kings at 3, 13, and 17.
White to play and win.

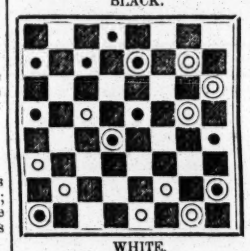
POSITION NO. 111.

NEW SERIES.

By Alonzo.

Dedicated to Sam. Twelves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

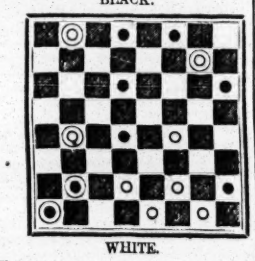
POSITION NO. 112.

NEW SERIES.

By Clutterbuck.

Dedicated to Know Nothing and Harry.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White gives Black the move and wins.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN ALONZO AND SAM TWELVES.

Black—Sam Twelves.	White—Alonzo.
21..15 19	18 14
22..19 23	— —

BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND J. S., OF WINCHESTER.

NUMBER ONE.

White—J. S.	Black—Uncle Sam
9..32 27	9 13
10.. 8 11	— —

NUMBER TWO.

White—Uncle Sam.	Black—J. S.
8..28 24	6 10

BETWEEN B. OF BOSTON, AND THE UNKNOWN.

White—B of Boston.	Black—Unknown.
2..25 22	11 16
3..29 25	

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.	White—A. F.
1..11 15	22 18

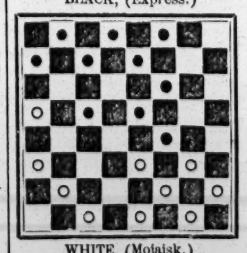
BETWEEN A. G. AND H. D.

Black—H. D.	White—A. G.
1..11 15	

MATCH GAME.

Between Mojaisk and Express.

BLACK, (Express.)



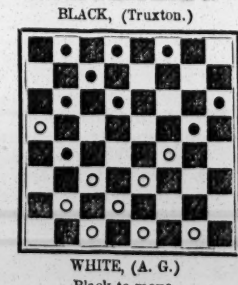
WHITE, (Mojaisk.)

White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Truxton and A. G.

BLACK, (Truxton.)



WHITE, (A. G.)

Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals—Circuses—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.

PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS.—THE STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMAS, and all other published Plays, for sale by S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau street, New York, price 12½ cents each, ten for $1; bound volumes, $1. A new play published every week. Complete lists sent by mail, *free*, when requested. 29-3m

BUSINESS OF THE PAST WEEK.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—May 4—Testimonial Benefit to Mr. John Lester—Rob Roy: A Decided Case: Jenny Lind: A Day After the Wedding.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—May 4—Neighbor Jackwood, (first time,) and continued through the week. Afternoon performances, various.

BOWERY THEATRE.—May 4 and 5—Katharine and Petruchio; Rookwood. 6—Benefit of L. P. Roys—The Robbers: Kit Carson. 7—The Corsican Brothers; Kit Carson. 8—Benefit of Wm. R. Derr—The Sailor of France: Rookwood. 9—Bohemian Girl: Putnam.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—May 4—The Son of the Night, (first time,) and continued throughout the week, without afterpiece. 7—Madame Ponisi's Annual Benefit. 9—Benefit of Mrs. E. L. Davenport.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.—The Real Essence of Old Virginny on hand every night, continually dished up with new features, dances, jokes, etc.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS.—Negro minstrelsy and plantation dances.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—May 4—First appearance of Edwin Booth—Richard III.: Catching a Governor. 5—Richelieu: Twenty Minutes With A Tiger. 6—A New Way To Pay Old Debts: An Object of Interest. 7—The Merchant of Venice: Our Best Society. 8—King Lear: Twenty Minutes With A Tiger. 9—Richard III.: The Clockmaker's Hat.

GEO. CHRISTY & WOOD'S.—All sorts of Ethiopian songs and dances, concluding with a farce in which Geo. Christy was the principal performer.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—May 4, 5, 6—Like and Unlike: The Elves. 7—Like and Unlike: The Black Bo[illegible] 8—Like and Unlike: Rachael, The Reaper. 9—Benefit of Geo. Jordan. Morning Call: Wild Oats.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—May 4—Cleopatra (first time,) and continued throughout the week, with The School In[illegible] Dunour, and The Mendicant for afterpieces.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—May 4—Italian Opera Company in Il Trovatore. 5—Benefit of Mr. Hengler—The Ravel Company in[illegible]: The Green Monster. 6—La Traviata: Comic Scene from Columella: [illegible]—Le Diable a Quatre: The Green Monster (last time.) 8—Last of Italian Opera—Lucrezia Borgia: Comic Scene from Columella: 3d act of Ernani. 9—Tight Rope: Figaro: The Conscript: in addition to afternoon performances.

NIBLO'S SALOON.—May 7—Benefit Concert of Miss Susan Pyne.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—May 4—Closed in consequence of performance at Academy of Music. 5—Love and Money: A Decided Case. 6—One Coat For Two Suits (first time:) A Decided Case: Po ca-hon tas. 7—One Coat For Two Suits: A Decided Case: The Review. 8—Benefit of Signor La Manna—One Coat For Two Suits: The Review. 9—Benefit of John Brougham—The Game of Life: A Pretty Piece of Business.

WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Negro minstrelsy, plantation dances, and dagger throwing, by White's Serenaders and Signor Martinetti.

At anniversary meetings, and in Sunday sermons, we are accustomed to hear much eloquence about "faith," "enduring unto the end," and all that sort of thing. This is all very well, as far as it goes; and we have not the slightest objection to either the eloquence or its subjects, especially when we find that such enthusiasm is generally well paid for on "the voluntary principle." Whoever wishes to find out the efficacy of "faith," and that sort of martyrdom which goes with "enduring unto the end," let him be known as a consistent and conscientious advocate of the Drama, and confess his faith at all times and in all places throughout an adventurous life. He will meet with the scorn and contumely of enemies, which are but trifles in comparison with the treachery and deceit of supposed friends; and his mind will then be in a fit state to appreciate a practical faith in a higher sphere of better surroundings, for he will have made the grand discovery that the sentiments of poetry and their scenic representation can confer an intellectual joy and a moral fortitude—one moment of which is more than a recompense for ages of misery.

That the present disputes about the Drama have their origin in merely technical prejudice and hasty condemnation is a fact which requires no very great stretch of observant powers to detect. The difference is "all in the figures of spache, me darlint."

Dr. Bellows says that he (like other clergymen) does *not* visit the theatres, but he DOES visit the opera. Those who are acquainted with the subject will see that this is a mere play upon words.

Our "unco' guid" friends take especial pains (or pleasure) in reminding us of all the bad things which (they say) accompany theatrical institutions, without stopping to inquire whether the advocates of the Drama approve of the aforesaid bad things any more than her opponents. They do not even stop to inquire whether the Drama herself has any relationship with such nuisances. They are so very full of what they call "faith" that they cannot condescend to stop and reason upon facts. But, having drawn the Drama's likeness as ugly as possible, from the dark shades of their bigoted point of view, they insist that the portrait is correct, and will not heed the testimony of those friends who ought to know her best.

So complete and consolidated has been this kind of conclusive exclusiveness grown, that whenever any clergyman feels prompted by natural candor to merely examine the objections usually urged against the Drama, he soon finds the whole tribe of praters about "faith" more busy than ever with every kind of "brotherly" uncharitableness. We have endeavored to give Rev. Dr. Bellows some idea of what he may expect, and there is no danger of our being a false prophet in this matter, for we can "speak by the card." We shall soon see whether Dr. Bellows is made of the right sort of stuff for joining in fellowship with the reasonable advocates of the Drama. Talk is cheap, but responsibility leads to sacrifices. The pulpit eloquence which is paid for will not answer in this matter.

CITY SUMMARY.

Saturday May 16th has been appointed for the grand parting testimonial benefit to Mr. E. L. Davenport at Niblo's Garden, prior to Mr. D.'s departure for Europe.

The Broadway Theatre is soon to be the scene of illumination in illustration of Gardiner's patent galvanic elecric gas lighters. This is a Yankee application by practical utility of the theories of Gilbert, Ottoguerick, Leyden, Franklin, Galvani, Volta, and other philosophers.

Edwin Booth's performances at Burton's have been very well given and received, especially since supported by Mrs. E. L. Davenport, and his success would have been much more decided if he were not so seriously injured by the injudicious style of puffery which we have had occasion to point out previously. Mr. Booth does not need any high-pressure puffery; and we are astonished at so good an actor, with so "fair a fame before him," allowing such liberties to be taken with the public in his name. In Sir Giles Overreach he seems to exhibit his best combination of hereditary genius and careful study. When he pays more attention to the latter, cultivates his physical advantages into good preservation, and summarily cuts—"cuts" is the word—all connection with pandering parasites, we shall behold a great actor.

Puff, "the hope of the living Drama," and other varieties in "Variety," at Laura Keene's, has kept the town wide awake with laughter this week, and we hope it will bring a "shower of gold" to Laura, although she has committed a sad error in not calling her house the "American Olympic." But this error is not one of the irretrievables.

Monday night was a high time at Laura Keene's, requiring a whole evening from the critics with two new pieces, "Nature and Art" preceding "Variety." The first is by H. J. Conway, but the second is, like a rare-ripe, attributed to "New Jersey." Burlesque and burletta are Laura's safe cards.

John Brougham has taken a leaf out of our book at last, and produced "The Devil's Horse, or The Curse of Ambition," at the Bowery. The little one act drama, "102," is also not bad to take. After playing at Philadelphia and Boston, Mr. Brougham will visit England for the summer.

The rumor that we are to have the Florences in drawing-room entertainments at Wallack's this summer has been confirmed.

Mr. De Walden left this city in the Ericsson for Liverpool last Saturday. People do say that a fortune awaits Mr. De Walden in England. We "wish he may get it."

Bryant's party at Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, are not to be beaten on any tack the fine arts may take. Philosophers who are in doubt about the influence of such plays as "Camille" should take the trick at once by going to see the "Pet Elephant Camille" as concocted at Bryant's. There is only one trouble about Bryant's, and that is—the more you go the more you want to go, as all the fun is suitable for the family fireside.

Manager Wallack seems determined to give "the old shop" a lift, and has got up "Rienzi" in the most superb style ever known. This fine historical play, by Miss Mitford, never fails to please when properly mounted. With such a company, and such accessaries, the public approbation cannot fail. The piece is not too long for some lively afterpiece like "Cherry Bounce," with Geo. Holland and Mr. Phillips, to send everybody home in jolly style for business next day.

At Buckley's and at Wood's, the first has a new piece called "Mississippi Steamboats and Mississippi Niggers," and the latter has "Dark Deeds" to make light, fun, and explosions abound in Broadway.

We shall now have the Ravels every night at Niblo's Garden. The Ravels are admirable exponents of our health-giving doctrines of activity. Look at them. They are always young—always popular—always jolly—and always come down like cats from a shot tower, right side up.

Surely some manager might have the spirit to engage Madame Gazzaniga somewhere around New York, so that her numerous friends may see her occasionally.

German Opera is talked of, with E. A. Marshall for manager and Madame Johannsen for first lady. This seems almost too good to be true. Mr. Marshall is just the man who could manage it successfully at the Academy of Music.

The Academy of Music was to be opened on Wednesday of this week, with a concert by the pupils of the Blind Asylum.

The first subscription concert by Madame de Wilhorst takes place on Saturday the 16th, at Niblo's Saloon.

Look out for benefits next Friday night, 15th. Harry Loraine has one at the Broadway, and R. Johnston has one at the Bowery. Both are deserving performers. "How will yer bet?" As the saints say, "Make your election sure."

That "coming event" we took the liberty of hinting about a few weeks since has arrived, and shows that Mrs. C. Howard and Queen Victoria may now sympathize with each other on the great stage of human existence. We wish Charley all the joy so good a specimen of "Pater Familias" can wish for himself.

At an election for officers of the American Dramatic Fund Association, held at their office in New York on the 11th instant, James T. Brady was elected President; Messrs. W. P. Chapman, J. Holbrooke, Prescott Hall, J. Genin, and J. Brougham, Trustees; T. Hadaway, Treasurer; F. C. Wemyss, Secretary; and Messrs. N. B. Clarke, T. Byrne, Wm. Smith, J. Moore, J. P. Cooke, C. W. Taylor, J. B. Philips, J. Dyott, H. J. Conway, J. Burnett, W. Corbyn, C. Fisher, C. Hale, J. Oxley, and J. Sefton as Directors.

The Original Christy Minstrels, with J. W. Raynor and E. H. Pierce, have had a very profitable tour in the West, and are now returning (by way of the river towns) from Troy down to this city. They will appear in Brooklyn on Monday the 18th, and stay there three days. Look out for fun.

Fanny Deane is coming out with dramatic readings, and has withdrawn from Wallack's Theatre.

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

Sanford's Opera House in Philadelphia is at present occupied with Kate Saxon and Malone Raymond's musical entertainments.

Madame De La Grange was not very successful in St. Louis, but will give a concert in Cincinnati on the 18th.

The Florences are playing for John Drew, at the National in Philadelphia, and we may expect them here soon.

Mrs. Hamblin is doing the superb at North's Amphitheatre in Chicago, and is to be followed by the Bourcicaults, after which J. W. Wallack, Jr., will "be along from Bosting."

Our spirited friends in St. John, N. B., have got started with their new theatre. J. D. Grace is stage manager. Among the company are "Old" Spear, H. Howland, "Dick" Stephens, T. A. Parsons, J. B. Adams, with "Marm" Mc Vicker, Miss Jane Parker, Miss Emma Winthrop. All these are "people" of the right sort. Grace be with them!

Charlotte Crampton is in general business at Dubuque.

That new theatre in Worcester, Mass., progresses admirably, and the "heart of the Commonwealth" is all right, in spite of the supposed saints. The Aylings are on hand, with their usual elegance. Mr Ayling is to have a benefit on Friday the 15th.

Edwin Forrest seems as "good as new" in Baltimore, and goes next to Providence.

Mrs. Annie Senter will open the New Bedford Theatre on the 8th of June, with G. W. Jamieson for stage manager, and the Leightons among the company.

James Anderson and Agnes Elsworthy have been doing the inte-

ig at the Chicago Theatre. Miss J. M. Davenport is to follow. er her, the Ravels.

People say that Mrs. Howe, authoress of "Leonore," has gone to ansas, seeking materials for a tragedy. This is a specimen of going p like a rocket and coming down like a stick. The good lady need ot have gone further than the N. Y. Tribune's editorial room. She ould obtain any amount of materials for Kansas tragedies there, dirt heap. Also, spavined horses fed upon "Hot Corn!" Various seeds supposed to be substitutes for sugar, sense, or whiskey strychnine. Besides this, Mrs. Howe could have had a peep at that Classical Dictionary which undertook to put Rufus Choate back to a back seat at school.

Levi J. North's Traveling Circus commenced business at Waukegan on the 6th instant, having left Chicago the previous Saturday.

Sloat & Sheppard's Circus have been performing at Detroit with great success. They have Eph. Horn acting as clown, with a black face, and the joke seems to take very well.

Manager Forbes takes his company, with Maggie Mitchell, from Providence to New Bedford this week. During the interval the Pyne and Harrison party will occupy the Providence Theatre.

Another wonderful story about the National in Boston has been started, giving Jim Pilgrim some thousands (no matter how many) dollars as a legacy—deceased relative—uncle in India—nabob for an hour, etc. A few more "successes" will trip Jim up entirely.

The Marsh Children commence at St. Louis on the 25th, after leaving Mobile.

Manager S. E. Brown has opened the Baltimore Museum, and Miss Alfredina, the "Maid of Athens," is winning much favor in juvenile tragedy.

Sliter & Wood's Minstrels are crowding Firemen's Hall in Detroit with their performances. R. H. Sliter and Mickey Warren keep up great fun with their champion dancing.

Mrs. Farren is playing the "dream" version—considerably refined —of "Camille" at Buffalo, and goes on to Cleveland next week.

The Metropolitan at Detroit has been doing the tremendous with "Neighbor Jackwood," and we need not wonder at it, for Mac Farland has a "tremenjeous" company, to say nothing of nine pretty women. S. E. Ryan, Mrs. Kate Denin Ryan, W. M. Foster, with our ubiquitous friends—Peter C. Byrne and wife—are among that jolly party.

Sanford's Opera Troupe have justified our statements, with the aid of the liberal audiences they have been honored with while on their route through New England. While in Portland, Deering Hall could not begin to contain the friends who came to greet them. The public know very well that they can depend upon any statement when they "seed it in the CLIPPER." The troupe are now in Montreal, and open in Quebec on the 25th.

The death of D. S. Palmer, in Providence, has caused a general expression of affectionate regret among all those who had the honor of his acquaintance. Poor Palmer! His gentle spirit has gone where no muddle-headed prater of a parson can pretend to condemn him out of the pale of salvation.

In Chicago Madame La Grange has been very handsomely received at the Metropolitan Theatre, and continually gains popularity.

Baltimore has had a rich musical treat in the performance of Haydn's grand oratorio of "La Passione, or the Seven Last Words of the Redeemer on the Cross," as given by the cathedral choir at the New Assembly Rooms, under the direction of Professor Gegan.

Max Maretzek and the Gazzaniga party have commenced a new lease of popularity in Philadelphia.

John Drew has postponed his production of "The Naiad Queen" at the National in Philadelphia, until the 25th.

Good old Father Taylor in Boston is to be the recipient of the proceeds of a concert admirably well arranged to come off at the Music Hall in that city, to furnish his church with a new organ. Father Taylor is called a Methodist, but he only glories in the endeavor to become a Christian, and as such commands our reverence as well as esteem. Some of the best talent in Boston has been volunteered.

The Charleston (S. C.) Theatre will be under G. F. Marchant during the next season.

We do not wonder that the disgraceful scenes enacted at the National Theatre in Boston have attracted general condemnation.

The Savannah Theatre and those on the Georgia circuit will now be under the management of D. R. Allen.

J. W. Wallack, Jr., and the Boston Museum, are now giving the very best performances ever seen in that city since the good old days of the Tremont.

A new play, called "The Virginia Comedians," has been favorably received at the Marshall Theatre in Richmond, Va.

Miss Heron seems to bother the assembled wisdom of the Boston dailies, as we knew she would. The only paper we have seen thence, with sound or sensible remarks, is the "Saturday Evening Gazette," which, as usual, is impartial, discriminating, and, above all, gentlemanly.

By the way, "a young lady of illustrious New England descent" is talked of as soon to appear at the Boston Theatre. "What will Mrs. Grundy say" now?

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

The Surrey Theatre has brought out one of the Porte St. Martin pieces from Paris, called "The Iron Man, or The Stolen Marriage."

Piccolomini's success at Her Majesty's Theatre continues, and Bottardi, a new tenor, is also successful there.

E. T (Everlasting Testimonial) Smith made some bids, beginning at £10,000, for the St. James's Theatre, but it was subsequently bought in at £19,900, the reserved price. No chance for Spurgeon.

Mrs. C. N. Sinclair and Mr. Henry Sedley have arrived in London, from Australia, and are already engaged at Drury Lane. Also J. B. Roberts.

Sam Cowell has returned to his old quarters at Canterbury Hall.

Italian Opera is to be a fixed fact at the Crystal Palace.

Miss Emma Stanley has been cleared of the vexatious law suit commenced when she left England.

The London Grand Opera Company left Hull for Northampton, to commence May 4.

The National English Opera Company are working their way back from Leeds, and are to commence at the Surrey on the 1st of June.

The Allied Metropolitan Dramatic Company were to commence at Portsmouth, April 27th; Shrewsbury, May 11th, for the race week; Leeds, June 1st; Hull, June 8th.

Charles Matthews has increasing popularity in the northern towns.

Ronconi made his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in London, in "Maria di Rohan."

The French dramas are viewed with disgust now in London, but the French spectacular pieces are more popular. Creswick has another at the Surrey. It is called "Florence, or The Fatal Error."

Mrs. C. N. Sinclair threatens to write a book about the Americans, now she is in England. "Ma conoscience!"

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAY 25, 1857—F. McIntyre and Jas. Brown, for $400, St. Louis, Mo.
SAME RING—Enoch Davis and Jas. Laverty, $400.
JUNE 10—Dennis Horrigan and Harry Lazarus, $600—Canada.
AUG. 1—Dominick Bradley and S. S. Rankin, $2000—Canada.

Fight between Dan Smith, alias Bendigo, of Philadelphia and Scotty, of Brooklyn, for $100.

For some weeks past Joe Coburn and Scotty, of Brooklyn, have been in our midst, and, during this time, have conducted themselves in a manner that would confer extra purity and decorum upon the most punctilious of our Arch street shad-bellies. All the persons who have made their acquaintance, whether sporting men or merchants, accord to them the praise of becoming behavior. Sundry discussions have, from time to time, taken place in our fistic coteries, relative to the comparative bruising merits of our Dan Smith and the Brooklyn Scotty. Dan has had two fights in the last two years, one with Jim Smith, the Belfast Barber, in which they were disturbed by the police, and the only honor or profit accruing to either was a few months imprisonment. Dan next appeared against Young Caywood, in December last, when the money was decided to be his, Caywood having given Dan a foul blow in the third or fourth round; this event was equally profitless with the first, the stakeholder being self convinced that he had more *right* (or *need*) to the money in his hands than any one else, and therefore stuck to it. As above stated, some chaff having been blown about in regard to Scotty and Dan, their respective partizans, at last tired of the wordy war, made a match for fifty dollars a side between the two, to fight in a room, half minute time, and Friday last, the 8th inst., was the day appointed, and 8 o'clock in the evening the time to meet at the spot determined on for the fistic arena. The spot was much nearer the Schuylkill than the Delaware, and when we arrived, about 45 minutes past 7, but few were there. In the next fifteen minutes, about forty or fifty scattered in, among which were Young Bendigo and his friends. (Scotty being in the house when we arrived.) After some considerable time we made our way into a cellar, fitted up as a dog pit, some 35 feet deep by 20 wide, and a pit at the south end about 12 feet wide by 19 long, with strong wooden sides, some 24 inches high. About sixty or seventy quickly occupied the surrounding seats, and patiently endured the protracted preliminaries, or the wish to pull in the one-dollar-a-head admission money. At about 10 o'clock, however, Dan made his *entree* into the pit, and was quickly followed by Scotty, with their respective seconds and bottle-holders. Dan appeared the biggest and largest framed man, with some little indications of condition. Scotty strip't a little pocket Apollo, with a cross of ditto Hercules; but, we fancy, he must have made very light of Dan's pretensions, as he was in no condition for such an encounter. Some delay occurred, after tossing for choice of corners, in choosing umpires and referee, and, when this was accomplished, it took much time to decide about the fairness of a blow struck when a man was laid back against the side of the pit, which was ultimately given up by Scotty's party allowing it to be foul if the man was laid back with his *feet off* the floor, much to the delight of Dan and his friends. After the principals and their seconds had shook hands at the scratch, the two men prepared for the

FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men came up to the scratch confident and lively, Scotty with the most artistic deportment, his right across his breast (rather low,) and his left well in front, with a lively motion of the shoulder and fore-arm, which reminded us of the late Young Norley; Dan, with both hands well up, and nearly at half arm, leary and determined. After a few manœuvres, in Dan's corner, Scotty made play with his left at Dan's mug; Dan countered, both with no effect, when Scotty again made his left on Dan's cheek with no return; but before he got in his right, Dan *dropped* on his knees.

2. Scotty first at the scratch, determined to push the fighting; Dan wicked but cautious, evidently not wishing to encounter Scotty's right; Scotty rushed at Dan, made his left with but little effect, missed his right, and, after a few exchanges, Dan again on his knees in his own corner. Little mischief was done in this round, but the hitting was in favor of Scotty, who, however, failed to make any impression on Dan's mug with his left, and could not get in his right before Dan dropped.

3. Scotty again up first, and pushing Dan to fight, he retreating to his corner, receiving one from Scotty's left, stopping his right, and after some quick exchanges, again down. *First blood* for Dan, from a slight cut on his opponent's right cheek.

4. Scotty brisk as a bee, Dan a little flushed about the mug, but neither punished; Scotty made the fighting, but Dan again on his knees.

5. Scotty brisk at work, a few exchanges, Dan again on his knees.

6. As before. Scotty fighting in Dan's corner, and Dan at his dropping game, with a claim of foul for being struck when down. Not allowed.

7. Scotty up and at the scratch, all fight, in Dan's corner, with his one, two, but got it heavily from Dan on his right eye, which was fast assuming a sable hue; Scotty again in with his left, and Dan again on his knees, with a claim of foul. Not allowed.

8. Same as before, again in Dan's corner, Dan on his knees, and a claim for a foul blow for Dan. Not allowed. It was now evident how the fight was determined to be won.

9. Forced fighting on Scotty's part in Dan's corner; Dan broke away; some heavy exchanges in the middle of the pit, a wrestle for the throw, and Dan heavily cross-buttocked.

10, 11, 12. Dan getting down every time, or on the side of the pit, to win a foul blow; Scotty careful but riled, holding his hand at a half blow.

13. Scotty's eye fast closing; Scotty lively and mischievous, making play with his left, and trying an upper-cut with his right which missed, seized Dan, and after a slight struggle finally forced him on the floor on his back.

It would be useless to follow the men through the whole 49 rounds, each being similar to the other—Dan fighting to win on a foul blow, Scotty to beat him on his merits. Whenever Scotty got hold of Dan, he threw him, or forced him on his back. When not thrown, he was fought or knocked against the side of the pit, or else dropped on his knees, when a claim of "foul blow" was made against Scotty. Scotty's seconds made two claims of falling without a blow, but the fight was ordered to go on. Above fifteen claims of foul blows were made by Davis' party, and in the 49th round the anxiously wished for "foul blow" was given in for them, the decision being that Dan had won the fight.

As regards the merits of the decision we have nothing to say; but several little things occurred during the contest which were not according to Cocker. For instance, in the 23d round, when Scotty had thrown Dan, he was thrown violently off his man by Dan's second, and in the 28th who took a piece of flesh out of the corner of Scotty's right eye, while he was being got off his man. He received no hurt on that eye while on his pins in that round. Scotty's second says that James Augustus Flinn, Dan's second, perpetrated this unmanly act. Dan received a heavy right-hander on the side of his head, which knocked him off his legs, but one of his seconds caught him in his arms, and he got down on his knees without hurt. The fight altogether was most unsatisfactory; Dan fighting and dropping to win, while Scotty made all the fight and acted with the utmost coolness and temper under the most aggravating circumstances. * &c.

We saw Dan the next morning. He had a large contused swelling on the left jaw; his left ear, temple and side of his head had been heavily visited, and was enlarged without being beautified. We expressed our opinion to him in regard to the fight; he said he fought to win, and would not have fought in any other place than the pit. This was candid.

We have not seen Scotty.—[He is in New York.—ED. CLIP.]

The spectators behaved in a quiet and gentlemanly manner during the contest. Dan's friends mustered in numbers, but Scotty was nearly without individual friends, although all, no doubt, felt deeply for his defeat under the circumstances, and admiration for his manly and Spartan conduct. SELAH.

PHILAD'A, May 11, '57.

JOE COBURN TO JAMES AUGUSTUS FLINN.—Philadelphia, May 11th, '57.—Mr. J. A. Flinn having, through your columns, challenged any 180lb. man in the States, Coburn, being only 148lbs., will make a match to fight Flinn at catch weight, according to the new rules of the London Ring, for $500 a side, in Canada, the fight to come off in four or six weeks from the first deposit. If Mr. Flinn will not come up to the scratch, Coburn will fight any man in Philadelphia, and give 10lbs., on the same terms as above. Man and money ready at B. F. Kelly's, 271 North Front street, Philadelphia, or through the Editor of the CLIPPER. If Flinn cannot raise any money to make a match, Coburn is anxious to satisfy James Augustus (and the rest of mankind) that he (Flinn) can't fight, and will undertake to whip him for love of fair play.

SCOTTY TO DAN SMITH, ALIAS YOUNG BENDIGO.—Scotty is prepared to make a match with Dan Smith to fight according to the new rules of the London Ring, in Canada, Scotty staking $500 against Dan's $100, the fight to take place in four or six weeks from the first deposit. Scotty and his money is ready at B. F. Kelly's, 271 North Front street, Philadelphia, or through the Editor of the CLIPPER.

DOMINICK BRADLEY MATCHED.—We understand that for some time past there has been considerable ill-feeling between the friends of Dominick Bradley, and those of a man named Rankin, both of Philadelphia. Bradley, having asserted that he would bet $100 that he could whip Rankin in 25 minutes, a friend of the latter took him up on it, and $10 a side was put up to make the match to fight within 10 days, according to the latest rules of the London Ring. An individual present made a wager that the Rankin party dare not put up $50 more; the wager was accepted, and won, for the money was immediately staked. Rankin is said to be about as large a man as Bradley, and possessed of a fair share of pugilistic abilities. Whether the matter will actually end in "a meeting," we are not at present prepared to say.

P. S.—We have since learned that on meeting on Monday last, to arrange matters for the fight, which was to have taken place on Thursday, 14th inst., it was agreed that a match should be made for $1000 a side, the fight to take place in Canada, on Saturday, August 1st—Bradley confining himself to 190 lbs., while Rankin is to fight at catch weight. Articles of agreement will be published in our next.

MATCH BETWEEN PHIL. CLARE AND GEO. LEESE.—At the house of Mr. Leese, a few evenings since, a dispute arose on a subject not necessary here to mention, which finally eventuated in a proposal for a fight between Geo. Leese and Phil. Clare. A friend of Clare's present offered to put up a forfeit for Clare, which he did, and Leese covered it. They are to meet on the 13th, to draw up articles, and make another deposit. Leese wishes the match to be for $200 a side, which Clare will agree to rather than allow the match to go off, but he would prefer to fight for $500 a side. Clare was not present at the time the money was put up, but he will agree to what his friend proposes.

DID'NT SET-TO.—Buffalo, May 9th, 1857.—MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* Seeing an article in your paper concerning my setting to with one Mr. Riley, at Horrigan's exhibition, I beg to say it is utterly false; and I think Mr. L. Kent has little to do in thus displaying his abilities through the papers. For my part, I think he is anxious for a fight himself. If such is the case, I have a man who will fight him at his own weight, for $300 or $500—he is a *novice* called Irish Mike—the fight to take place in Canada, in six weeks from first deposit. The match can be made on Friday evening, 15th inst., at the House of Mr. A. Cooper, Canal street, Buffalo. E. HIGGINS.

ACCEPTED.—Toronto, May 8th, 1857.—Concerning that challenge sent to me by one George Sweetman, alias Peaton's Boy, to fight me a fair stand up fight, for from $100 to $200 a side, I would state that he can be accommodated at the place he mentioned, as I am there the most of my time; and the money ready. JIM BROWN.

IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.—Young Barney Aaron, who returned to this city a few days since from New Orleans, was arrested on the 9th inst., on a charge of being concerned in the prize fight last September, between Lynch and Kelly, and which terminated in the death of the latter.

JOHN MORRIS will fight Young Grimes, of Roxbury, according to Prize Ring rules, for $100 a side, in four or five weeks from the first deposit. If Grimes accepts this, he can find me at James Hart's, No. 2 People's Ferry, Boston, where a match can be made at any time.

THE DOUBLE EVENT.—Another deposit of $25 a side was made in St. Louis, on the 27th ult., for the double event, in which Frank McIntyre and Jas. Brown, and Enoch Davis and Jas. Laverty, are the principals. Davis and Brown are training at the race course.

SEWED UP.—Two tailors, Dan Cooper and Patrick Cronan, had a fight on one of the islands near Boston, Mass., on the 9th, when, after fighting 21 rounds, Cooper was sewed up, and Pat hailed as the most expert workman by his brother tailors.

JOHNNY AARON'S EXHIBITION comes off at the Chelsea Manor House, 25th street and 9th Avenue, on Tuesday evening, May 19, when a number of excellent boxers will contribute to the evening's sport—the wind-up being arranged for Aaron and Johnny Roach. A roped stage will be erected, so that all present may witness the sparring at their ease.

COCKING.—Schnaidersville, Lancaster Co., Pa., May 10th, 1857.—DEAR FRANK.—"*Veritas est Potentia.*"—We are sorry to have occasion again to refer to that vexed question, about the Fabre cock. Some time ago (over the signature "Woodruff") an article appeared in the CLIPPER, trying to explain away the fact of the Reading fowl in the sixth fight having ran away. In your last issue, another party (who signs himself Veritas) comes to the rescue. It matters but little whether Messrs. "Woodruff" and "Veritas" are *two in one, or one in two*—it is with plain, palpable facts we intend to deal.

Veritas says we "play the game of brag." He further says "we have ventured at a display of wit and sarcasm, which we think will probably put the Fabre stock out of existence in Berks County." To the above indictment we plead not guilty; and beg to say, that so far as we are acquainted with the party possessing the stock in dispute, they are entitled to, and will ever receive, our respect. As to our having a desire to annihilate the stock, is ridiculous to think about. If they are satisfied to retain, and perpetuate the stock for a few more years, there will then be a *pedigree with the hero in the Schnaidercille main for an illustrious sire.*

We intend to be plain and to the point; and in the first place, we respectfully suggest to "Veritas" a more appropriate signature to epistles so devoid of truth as the one he contributed to last week's CLIPPER. Mendacium would answer very well. Now to the point. "Veritas says the cock died in the pit." We say (and can prove) that he was carried out of the pit alive—that he suffered martyrdom for his cowardice—that Messrs. W. D. and J. F. were his executioners—and that he was decapitated on the porch of the house where they kept their chickens. Famous as Veritas would make him, *so ignobly he died.* What say you to that, Veritas? He says "drowning men catch at straws." So they do; but it so happens that we have caught facts, and they are "stubborn things." He throws the gauntlet by saying that he has a few more of the same sort, and will meet us in mortal combat, &c. It was our intention to challenge him to a *pedestrian* feat with chickens in the pit; but a friend at our elbow suggests, that if his stags and blinker can run as fast as the one on the *Schnaidersville course*, we would have no chance to win. Prudence and discretion say don't, and we obey. RUSTICUS.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN PROSPECT—ROLLING MILL BOYS ABOUT TO ENTER THE SHOOTING ARENA AGAIN.—On Saturday, May 16th, a son of Vulcan, (Samuel Robinson) a retired veteran, will once more contend with other competitors for the honor of the championship. In antagonism against him will stand the following tyros: Messrs. Lee, Koch, and Seiders. The veteran, after having vanquished the young aspirants, will have no objections at trying to polish some of the Schuylkill Co. boys, subsequent to the other matches which are pending that day. Hail, all hail to the veteran chief. PIGEON FEATHER.

P. S.—The rifle shooting (which was announced in your last) will certainly take place; and will be first in the programme of entertainment. P. F.

LOVELY MAY.—The recent lovely weather has had the effect to throng our promenades with the beauty and fashion of the Empire City, who in their walks never fail to make a call upon the ever-popular Dr. Gourand, whose various invaluable cosmetics have obtained such a world-wide celebrity. They know that in the use of the Doctor's Italian Medicated Soap they will ever remain free from all blemishes of the skin, such as freckles, pimples, &c., for this soap eradicates them all, as the Poudres Subtiles eradicate all superfluous hair. The efficacy of these cosmetics is too well known to require further comment at our hands—a trial is sufficient. If it is desirable that the color of the hair should be changed, the Doctor's Hair Dye is the very thing, no injury to the hair or skin following its application. If you need any of these articles, or anything in the perfumery line, call at the Doctor's depot, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, or at T. R. Callendar's, 88 South third street, Philadelphia, or J. B. Bates's, 129 Washington street, Boston.

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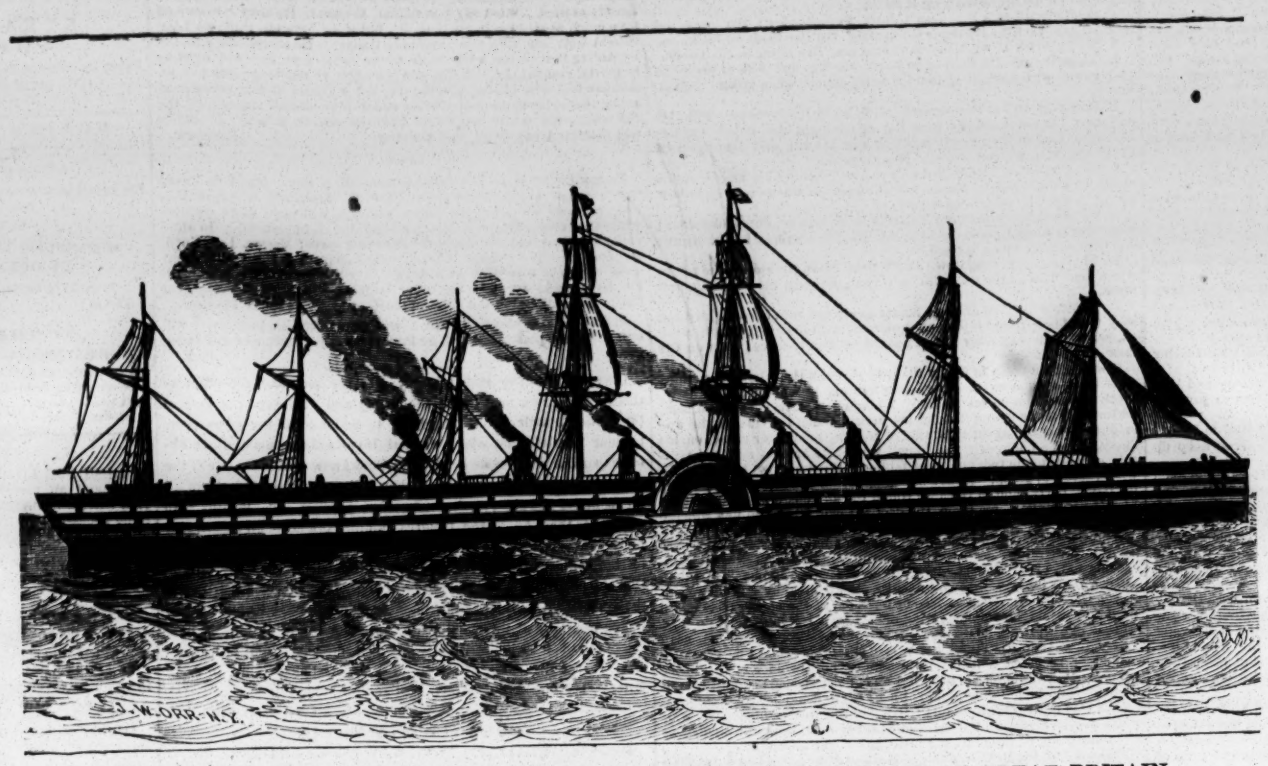

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The great ship, or Great Eastern, as she is sometimes called, projected by the eminent engineer Mr. Brunel, the father of trans-Atlantic steam navigation, although building in the midst of the largest collection of seafaring people in the world, stands a wonder and a puzzle to them all. And, indeed, the moment you are inside the works of Scott, Russell & Co., at Millwall, you feel the reason of the strange eye with which the marine population view the monster which is slowly growing up, and overshadowing not only the ship yard itself, but the portion of the new town immediately in its neighborhood. Where are the merry ship carpenters, caulking away with monotonous, dead sounding blows? Where are the artizans chipping with their adzes, rearing up one after another huge ribs, and laying the massive keel? Where are the bright augers gleaming in the sun, as sturdy arms work out the bolt holes? None of these old accustomed sights and sounds of ship building are to be found; but in their place we see the arm of steam, mightier than that of Thor, wielding some iron shaft big as "the mast of some huge admiral," or punching inch plates of iron as quickly and as noiselessly as a lady punches card board for a fancy fair ornament. Steel, urged by the same potent master, is seen showing its mastery over iron as the huge lathes revolve, or the planing machine pursues steadily its resistless course, whilst, in place of the shavings of the carpenter, long ringlets of dull grey metal cumber the ground. The ship carpenter is transmuted into a brawny smith, and the civil engineer takes the place of the marine architect. A closer inspection of this Leviathan vessel shows us how completely the employment of a new material has necessitated new ideas with respect to construction. She runs along some seven hundred feet; those portions of her stem and stern show her partitions or bulkheads running nearly sixty feet in height, and standing just sixty feet apart. If we examine the outer walls of these huge partitions, we see at once that the ship has no ribs springing from a keel or back bone—none of the ordinary framework by which her bulging sides are maintained in their places; but, on close inspection, it is found that she has a system of ribs or webs, longitudinal instead of transverse, running from stem to stern of the ship, up to eight feet above her deep water line; and riveted on each side of these thirty-two webs or ribs, which are again subdivided at convenient lengths, are plates of iron, three-quarters of an inch in thickness, forming a double skin to the ship, or a dermis and epidermis. Thus her framework forms a system of cells, which, like the Menai tube, combines the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength. A glance at the transverse midship section will show at once this portion of her structure. Hitherto it has been the practice to build iron ships in exactly the same manner as regards framework as wooden ones; that is, the strength of the sides has been made gradually to lighten towards the deck, which being of wood, can offer but slight resisting power. Thus iron ships of the old method of construction are peculiarly liable to break their backs upon the application of force, either to their two ends or to the centre of their keels, just, in short, as a tube would be easily broken, one side of which was made much stronger than the other. The Birkenhead iron troop ship was a melancholy instance of this unscientific method of construction; for it will be remembered that immediately she struck, her wooden deck, doubled up and snapped in two, as a stick would snap across the knee, while stem and stern reared for a moment high into the air, and then went down like stones into the deep.

As you stand watching the process of building up this double skin, or framework of the ship, the question immediately strikes the mind, how are these unyielding plates of inch iron made to accommodate themselves to her lines, which are seen to run as finely fore and aft as those of a Thames wager boat? How are the innumerable curves which die away into each other to be produced by any aggregation of rectilinear pieces of flat boiler plate? In ordinary wooden ship, the planking, by its elasticity, allows itself to be modelled to the ribs; but here there are no ribs, in the true sense of the word, and the form of the vessel must depend upon the inclination given to each separate piece of iron before the fastening process is commenced. And such, in fact, is the case. Every individual plate, before being fixed in its proper position, was the subject of a separate study to the engineer. Of the ten thousand, or thereabout, that compose the framework of the ship, only a few situated in the midship section are alike either in size or in curve. For each a model in wood, or "template," as it is technically called, had originally to be made, and by these patterns the plates were cut into their required shapes by the huge steam shears, in exactly the same manner as the tailor cuts out the various portions of a garment. The "list," or inclination to be given to each plate, is the next process to be gone through; and this is produced by passing it through a system of rollers, which can be so reversed in their action, and so adjusted, as to give it any required curve. The "template," studded with holes around its margin, is then fitted to it, and a boy with a stick dipped in white lead marks through them the places upon the iron where the rivet holes are to be punched; when this last process is completed, the plate is lettered with two or three separate letters, indicating the precise place it has to take in the ship. Thus the hull is first carefully thought out in detail, and is then regularly and mechanically put together, in much the same way as a tesselated pavement.

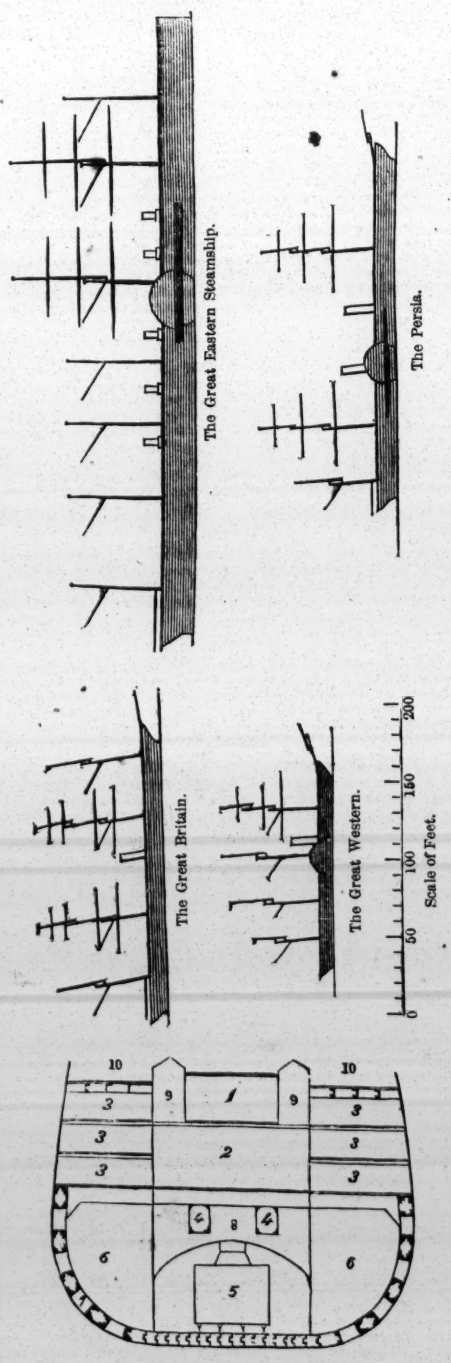
The process of fastening the plates affords another curious contrast to the old method of bolting employed by the ship carpenters. The holes in the places to be held together being brought in exact opposition, bolts at a white heat are one by one introduced, and firmly riveted whilst in that condition by a group of three men, one the upholder, who holds the bolt in its position by placing a hammer against its head on the inside of the ship, whilst two sturdy Vulcans, with alternate blows, produce the rivet head on the other. The bolts contract in cooling, and draw the plates together with the force of a vice, and hold them so for ever afterwards. The rapidity with which this process is performed stikes the spectator with astonishment. A set of three men, and a boy to shovel the hot bolts out of the furnance, will in the course of a day close up four hundred rivets; and speed in the process is requisite, when we remember that before the ship can swim three million of them must be made secure.

If we clamber up the ladders which lead to her deck, some 60 feet above the ground, we perceive that her interior presents fully as strange a constrast to other vessels as the construction of her hull does. Ten perfectly water tight bulkheads, placed 60 feet apart, having no openings whatever lower than the second deck, divide the ship transversely; whilst two longitudinal walls of iron, 36 feet apart, traverse 350 feet of the length of the ship. Thus the interior is divided, like the sides, into a system of cells or boxes. Besides these main divisions, there are a great number of sub-compartments beneath the lowest deck, devoted to the boiler rooms, engine rooms, coal and cargo, &c.; whilst some 40 or 50 feet of her stem and sterm are rendered almost as rigid as so much solid iron by being divided by iron decks, from bulwark to keel. Her upper deck is double, and is also composed of a system of cells formed by plates and angle irons. By this multiplication of rectilinear compartments, the ship is made almost as strong as if she were of solid iron, whilst, by the same system of construction, she is rendered as light and as indestructible, comparatively speaking, as a piece of bamboo. There is a separate principle of life in every distinct portion, and she could not well be destroyed even if broken into two or three pieces, since the fragments, like those of a divided worm, would be able to sustain an independent existence.

A better idea perhaps of the interior of the ship can be gained at the present moment than when she has progressed farther towards completion. As you traverse her mighty deck, flush from stem to stern, the great compartments made by the transverse and longitudinal bulkheads, or parti-walls of iron, appear in the shape of a series of parallelograms, sixty feet in length by thirty-six in width; numerous doors in the walls of these yawning openings at once reveal that it is here that the hotels of the steamship will be located. If we were to take the row of houses belonging to Mr. Mivart and drop them down one gulf, take "Farrance's" and drop it down the second, take Morley's at Charing Cross and fit it into a third, and adjust the Great Western Hotel at Paddington and the Great Northern at King's Cross into apertures four and five, we should get some faint idea of the nature of the accommodation "The Great Eastern" will afford. We speak of dropping hotels down these holes, because the separate compartments will be as distinct from each other as so many different houses; each will have its splendid saloons, upper and lower, of 60 feet in length; its bedrooms or cabins, its kitchen and its bar; and the passengers will no more be able to walk from the one to the other than the inhabitants of one house in Westbourne tarrace could communicate through the parti-walls with their next door neighbors. The only process by which visiting can be carried on will be by means of the upper deck or main thoroughfare of the ship. Nor are we using figures of speech when we compare the space which is contained in the new ship to the united accommodation afforded by several of the largest hotels in London. She is destined to carry 800 first class, 2,000 second class, and 1,200 third class passengers, independently of the ship's complement, making a total of 4,000 guests. A reference to the longitudinal and transverse sections will explain her internal economy more readily than words. The series of saloons, together with the sleeping apartments, extending over 350 feet, are located in the middle instead of aft, according to the usual arrangement. The advantage of this disposition of the hotel department must be evident to all those who have been to sea and know the advantage of a snug berth as near as possible to the centre of the ship, where its transverse and longitudinal axes meet, and where of course there is no motion at all. It will be observed that the passengers are placed immediately above the boilers and engines; but the latter are completely shut off from the living freight by a strongly arched roof of iron, above which, and below the lowest iron deck, the coal will be stowed, and will prevent all sound and vibration from penetrating to the inhabitants in the upper stories. As the engine and boiler rooms are separated from each other by bulkheads, in exactly the same manner as the saloons, a peculiar arrangement has been made to connect their machinery without interfering with their water-tight character. Two tunnels, of a sufficient size to give free passage to the engineers, are constructed fore and aft in the centre of the coal bunkers, through all the great iron parti-walls. By this arrangement the steam and water pipes which give life and motion to the ship will be enabled to traverse her great divisions, just as the aorta traverses in its sheath the human diaphragm.

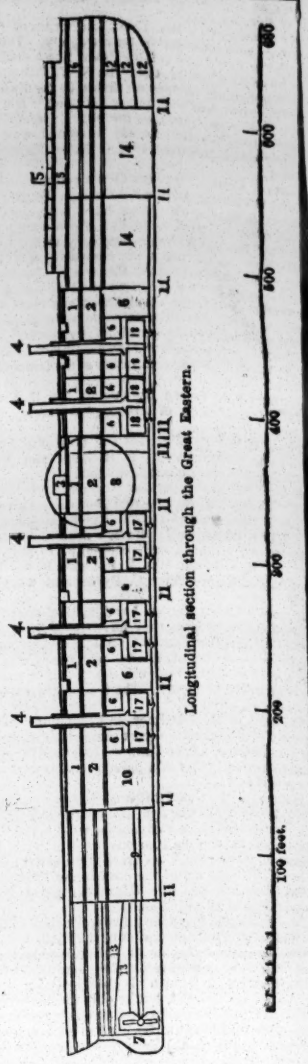
Let us return, however, for a few moments to the deck, in order to give the reader a clear idea of the magnitude of the structure under our feet. The exact dimensions over all are 692 feet. There are few persons who will thoroughly comprehend the capacity of these figures. Neither Grosvenor nor Belgrave Square could take the Great Eastern in; Berkley Square would barely admit her in its long dimension, and when rigged, not at all, for her mizen-boom would project some little way up Davies Street, whilst her bowsprit, if she had one, would hang a long way over the Marquis of Landsdowne's garden. In short, she is the eighth of a mile in length, and her passengers will never be able to complain of being "cooped up," as four turns up and down her deck will afford them a mile's walk. Her width is equally astonishing. From side to side of her hull she measures 83 feet, the width of Pall Mall; but across the paddle boxes her breadth is 114 feet—that is, she could just steam up Portland Place scraping with her paddles the houses on either side. With the exception of the sky lights and openings for ventilating, the lower saloons, her deck is flush fore and aft. However splendid this promenade might appear with respect to those of other ships, we question if it is at all too large for the moving town to whose use it is dedicated. Room must be found for the holiday strolling of between three and four thousand persons, whilst she is careering through the heated atmosphere of the tropics, and not merely for a few score blue nosed gentlemen, such as use the deck of the trans-Atlantic steamers for a severe exercising ground. The manner in which this moving city, rather than ship, will be propelled with the speed of a locomotive through the ocean, is not the least noticeable of the arrangements connected with her. Mr. Brunel has, we think wisely, decided not to trust so precious a human freight and so vast an amount of valuable cargo to any single propelling power, but has supplied her with three—the screw, the paddle and the sail. Her paddle wheels, 56 feet in diameter, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's, will be propelled by four engines, the cylinders of which are 6 feet 2 inches in diameter, and the stroke is 14 feet. The motive power of these will be generated by four boilers. Enormous as are these engines, having a nominal power of 1,000 horses, and standing nearly 50 feet high, they will be far inferior to those devoted to the screw. These, the largest ever constructed for marine purposes, will be supplied with steam by six boilers, working to a force of 1,600 horses—the real strength of the combined engines being equal to 3,000 horses. When the spectator looks upon the ponderous shaft of metal, 160 feet in length and 60 tons in weight, destined to move the screw, and the screw itself of 24 feet in diameter, the four fans of which, as they lie on the ground, remind him of the bladebones of some huge animal of the pre-Adamite world, he better comprehends the gigantic nature of the labor to be done, and the ample means taken to perform it. As the screw and the paddles will both be working at the same time, the ship will be pulled and pushed in its course like an invalid in a Bath chair, and each power will be called upon to do its best. The calculated speed of the ship under steam is expected to average from fifteen to sixteen knots, or nearly twenty miles an hour.

The following diagrams give an excellent idea of the monster steamer and the progressive increase in the size of ocean steamships since the Great Western, the pioneer:



REFERENCES TO TRANSVERSE SECTIONS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

No. 1..Upper saloons on main deck.
" 2..Principal saloon on lower deck.
" 3..Side cabins and berths.
" 4..Tunnels for steam and water pipes.
" 5..Boiler.
" 6..Coal bunkers.
" 7..Space between skins of ship.
" 8..Coal bunker.
" 9..Skylight to principal saloon.
" 10..Double decks.



No. 1..Upper saloons.
" 2..Principal saloons.
" 3..Captain's apartment.
" 4..Funnels.
" 5..Boilers.
" 6..Coal bunkers.
" 7..Screw.
" 8..Paddle engine room.
" 9..Screw shaft.
" 10..Screw engine.
" 11..Transverse bulkheads.
" 12..Iron decks to strengthen bow.
" 13..Iron decks to strengthen stern.
" 14..Cargo space.
" 15..Apartments of ship's officers.
" 16..Berths of crew.

In most iron vessels great precautions are taken to avoid the incorrectness to which the needle placed on deck is liable on account of the proximity of attractive masses of metal. The commonest expedient is to have placed high up in the mizenmast, beyond the influence of the iron sides of the ship, what is called a standard compass, and which may be said to realize Dibdin's "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft, and takes care of the life of poor Jack." In the Great Eastern, a special stage or framework will be erected for this dainty Ariel, at least forty feet in height, and the helmsman will probably either read off the points from above as they appear through a transparent card illuminated like a clock front, or the shadow of the trembling needle will be projected down a long pipe upon a card below, so as to avoid the necessity of the helmsman looking up, and to obviate the difficulty which would occur in foggy weather. The experiments with respect to this important adjunct to the ship are not yet concluded, however, and we must be considered to speak speculatively as to the plan which is likely to be adopted.

The anchors of this mighty steamer would, with their accessories, alone form the cargo of a good-sized ship. The ten anchors with which she will be fitted, together with their stocks, will weigh fifty-five tons. If we add to this ninety-eight tons for her eight hundred fathoms of chain cable, and one hundred tons for her capstans and warps, we shall have a total weight of two hundred and fifty-three tons of material dedicated to the sole purpose of making fast the ship.

The monster proportions of the Great Eastern will indeed almost deceive her passengers into the idea that they are sojourning in some noble mansion. Let us imagine her saloons blazing at night with gass, which will be manufactured on board and supplied to every part of the ship; let us picture to ourselves her magnificent sweep of deck filled with gay promenaders, listening to the band as she sails over a summer's sea; annoyed by no smoke, for, in consequence of the use of anthracite coal, none will be emitted from her five funnels; and distressed by no motion, as in consequence of her lenghth she will stride with ease over the waves of the Pacific. We might also dwell for a moment upon the mighty larder of our leviathan prepared for her flight of five and thirty days, without stoppage, across the ocean desert with a whole town on board; or we might draw a comparison between her and the Ark (which by-the-by had not half her capacity,) as she receives on board her flocks and herds to furnish fresh meat for the passage. But we believe we have said enough to enable those who have not visited the rising edifice to realize the vast extent of this latest experiment in ship building. As a contrast to this fair side of the medal, let us fancy her rushing through the night in full career—an arrow 27,000 tons in weight, propelled by a bow of 3,000 horse power. Can we, without a shudder, contemplate the possibility of a collision with such a resistless force? a line of battle ship with a thousand hands on board cleft in two as swiftly as the apple by the shaft of Tell.

Every precaution will indeed be taken to avert such a catastrophe. The electric light will be fixed at the masthead, so that in dark nights the ship will carry a moonlight atmosphere wherever she goes. In case of any fatal injury to herself, which could not well happen, boats have been provided capable of taking off her passengers, even if counted by thousands. Thus she will have two screw steamers of 90 feet in length, a paddle box boat, and in addition to these she will carry a large number of the new colapsing, or bellows boats, as the sailors call them.

THE THREE C'S.—Many may remember the story of three aldermen's ladies playing at the game "I love my love with a letter." The first began, "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustice;" the second, "I love my love with an N, because he is a Night;" the third, "I love my love with an F, because he is a Fisician." It was the "Gustice" himself who gave the famous toat at a literary dinner—the three R's, reading, riting, and rithmetic. A late alderman was said to have once given at a public dinner, "The three C's, Church, King, and Curtis."

ONE of the boys tells of a scare-crow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it—but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.